

LIFE OF A "HOBO" BARBER



Written By
H.M. SAWYER

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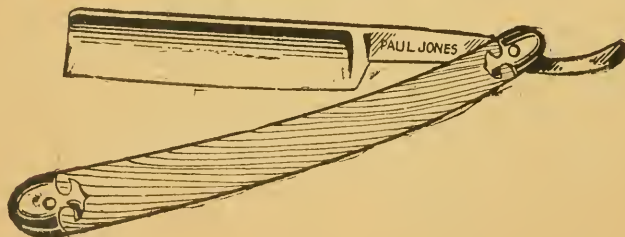
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HOBO BARBER" WAS WRITTEN.

LIFE OF A HOBO BARBER

arace
By H. M. SAWYER

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A LIFE OF A HOBO BARBER

(From a Lumberjack to a Hobo Barber)

I will at first give the reader of this book a brief story of my childhood days. I was born in the year 1881, in the county of Whirly, State of Kentucky, in the mountains between the Cumberland and Pine mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky. These two states are very rough in two ways: the country has large mountains and are crested with cliffs and timbers. The people in these mountains and states have practically no laws at all except those that they make themselves and in this way protect their own rights. Speaking about Abraham Lincoln being born in a log cabin, he has nothing on me in this line. I was born in a one-roomed log cabin and lived there till I was fifteen years of age. I never wore a pair of factory made shoes until after I came west. The good times of any childhood days always recalls back to their old play grounds, however this has never been the case with me as my life was passed for fifteen years with such rough and hard knocks that I have not had any desire to return to the old birthplace. I could tell the readers many things about these two states but it may not be of any interest to you. My father owned a large farm covered with mountains and timber and the land on said mountains was so steep that the pumpkins would pull themselves off the vine and roll into the sink holes in the field or go to the lower side of the field and lodge in the fence and we never had to go over the fields and gather them up for they harvested themselves. These two states are the home of the real ground hog that you read about seeing himself on the fourteenth day of February each year. This animal does not resemble a hog except his hair, which is somewhat shorter, and his ears; his fighting qualities are like those of a badger and it takes a good dog to kill him, at least two dogs have better luck, although a mountain cur that understands his business will give the hog a very interesting fight.

The principle means of making a living in these states is farming a small acreage of corn, raising a few hogs and working in the timber.

Our home place, as I said before was covered with timber, most of which was Poplar; this we sold delivered to the creek what would be called in this country a river. We cut the logs twelve, sixteen, eighteen and twenty feet in length and each tree would make from two to three or four logs owing to the length cut and the height of the tree. These logs would run in diameter not less than two and one-half feet at the small end and about ten feet at the large end and were called saw logs. We would drive two large hooks in the end of the log

with a chain reaching from one side to another across. This chain had a ring in the center and another chain from this ring to a ring in the yoke of the ox, called the snake chain. We would then drag the log to its destination which was called snaking the log. We snaked the logs some three miles down the mountain coming to another mountain being too steep to make the logs down, we would then cut all the timber off the side the mountain and roll the log down. This was the joy of my life to see the logs roll down the mountain and it was this that came so nearly costing me the chance of never seeing another log roll. My father had left me at this place, we called it the dump, and I kid like wanted to see the wonders below. I strolled away and then being afraid to go to the bottom of the dump sat down behind a stump and fell asleep. Some of the lumber-jacks that were working there came and not knowing I was there turned loose a large log which came rolling and thundering down the mountain at the rate of about sixty miles an hour, hitting the stump, whirling completely around in front of me and just leaving enough space for me to sit and covering me with dirt. After this happened I was wideawake and did not need be told to move as I knew there were six or eight of those logs to follow just a minute or so apart.

After reaching the age of ten and up to the time I was fifteen I made a hand at this work. When we would get a pile of logs at the foot of this dump we would snake them to the creek and line them up on the bank and wait for a flood or what was called a head rise and then roll the logs in the creek with a grab hook one at a time until we had filled the creek. The lumber-jacks would then get on the logs and keep them from jamming and blockading the creek till they arrived at the saw mills which were on all streams of this size as this was the cheapest way of transportation.

In May, 1896 I came west with my parents landing at Purcell, Oklahoma which in those days was Purcell, I. T., before Oklahoma entered into statehood. Having never traveled before I thought that if the world was as large the other way it was sure enough a big ball of dirt. We then moved over in Lincoln county a short time and then went back to Cleveland county. There my mother died leaving several small children of which I was the oldest. I then went to bumping the world in the face, leaving home. I went to Purcell and caught a freight train, this was the first one I had ever ridden, and at the third station out of Purcell the train slowed down, the brakeman came around to me and told me to jump; this was about 3:30 in the morning. Well, I jumped and landed on a board walk in front of the depot. This was somewhat hard landing but I did not damage the walk but disfigured my slats in my side. It was in this town that I hummed my first meal, being so hungry that I raked up enough nerve to ask a lady if she had some work I could do for something to eat. She replied, "yes," and gave me a hoe and sent me to the garden to cut weeds. I worked till noon without any breakfast and she

did not call me at noon so I had to look around a little for myself. I found a nest of eggs about 2 o'clock and boiled them in a tin can and had lunch. I then caught the blind on a south bound passenger train and landed in Ardmore, I. T.

At this time Ardmore was a shack of a town and their only means of fighting fire was an upright engine heated by coal which pumped water out of a well in the cross streets. They would drop one end of the hose in the well and run with the other end to the location of the fire. If the hose was not long enough the property owner was loser.

I landed a job washing dishes in a hotel but cannot recall the wages I received but am sure it was no more than just my eats. In a few days I secured another job at a small wage but this made me pay my board, however I got enough together to buy a mealticket, but before I could get some more money to get another the old one was looking like the holes in a screen door. Seeing this would never do, I quit on request and a few days got a job skinning a team for the Frisco railroad which was building into Ardmore. This work was too hard for me to handle and I went back to town and began peddling hot-tamales getting one-third of all I sold and room and board. I worked one year, saved some money and caught a freight train to Ft. Worth and as there was nothing to do there stayed only a few days and went to Dallas, Texas, to learn the barber trade.

I was a lad about sixteen, this is about the age all barbers start working at the trade, and I thought I was man enough to live the barber's life and just knew it promised more money and pleasure than any trade I could take up for life and that would be easy to learn. I am now 42 years of age, my business life is about spent as you cannot teach an old dog new tricks. For twenty-six years of that time I have put in long hours humped over a barber chair and am humped so bad I can hardly sleep at night and am so closely related to a camel that I have gone forty-eight days without a drink of "Nubbin-Juice."

I took a six week's course in a barber college at Dallas, Texas, left a full-fledged barber with a diploma that was large enough to make a pallet in front of a camp-fire. I went to Ft. Worth, presented my diploma to an old white haired barber; he looked at me over his glasses and I looked at him and thought he was an old crank. After he gave me the once over he said: "Kid you have a long road to travel before you make a barber out of yourself and my advice to you is to stick that worthless piece of paper in the stove as it will lose you more jobs than it will get you." I was fresh from the college but after presenting it a few times with hard luck and about the same encouragement I recalled the old white haired barber's advice. I finally landed a job in Ft. Worth with an old crank barber, as I looked on them at that time. That night at closing time he said he couldn't use me any longer. I accepted my small wage and caught another freight to Ardmore, Okla. Here I went to work in a cut rate shop, a scab shop as they are called, the prices were ten cents for a shave and fifteen cents for hair

cutting. When Saturday night came I had hair enough that it would have taken a two-ton truck to have moved it but the honks of autos was not heard in those days. I had four dollars and fifteen cents when we checked up. I asked the boss if that was all I got for a week's work and he replied: "All a man gets out of the barber business is a lot of hard work and the smell of a dirty breath," and still I could not see the hard knocks ahead of me. It was as usual on Saturday night he said that he could not use me any longer so I packed my tools and went to the next stop which was Purcell.

In Purcell I went to work for an old head at the game, a Mr. Pete Theal. Saturday night at closing time Mr. Theal paid me off. I asked him if he wanted me for the next week and he surprised me by saying "sure." He then asked me why I asked and I told him that I had been getting bumped every Saturday night and thought by his paying me off that he would not use me any more. Well there I was with two good workmen in front of me and one in the back with a job that looked as if it would hold. I worked the next week and decided that I would quit the next Saturday night if he did not can me. He did, I crossed the river to a little town called Lexington.

Lexington was a live town for it had six saloons and in the good old whiskey days could produce a fight every ten minutes with a few eyes knocked out and some hi-jacking to complete the society. I got in here with a farmer that was going to make a fortune in the barber business; here I had an even break and worked for him six months. I was the only single barber in town so was very popular with the girls of the town and got to making eyes at a doctor's daughter. I took her home from church one night and we sat on the porch, as I planned for a little stay, when suddenly I heard a crash that made me think the whole house had fallen in and in came the doctor. He said to me: "Kid can you play checkers?" I said, "No sir, I do not know the game." He replied, "I can teach you in a few minutes," He said, "Do you see that door?" I answered yes. "It is your move." I moved, and he crowned a king with the toe of his shoe on the seat of my pants thus spoiling all my knowledge of checker playing.

My next move was to Shawnee, Oklahoma, the jumping-off place of the universe. This town is where I took the initiation of the hobo barbers union and the stunts they pulled on me you can make out for yourself. I was blindfolded and a board or slab from a dry goods box was applied and a quart of ice water was used to put out the blaze but this went in with the making of the craft. It was in this town that the prune peddler got in my chair to get shaved. After shaving him he said to me: "Kid will you sell me that razor?" and asked me what I wanted for it. I replied, two dollars and a half but what do you want with it? He said: "I have a friend who makes this town and I don't want you to shave him with it."

I left Shawnee and went to Cement, Okla., here to go into business for myself. This town had a cement mill and it was

hard to keep a razor in shaving condition. In those days a stranger never stopped in a small town to get shaved. One day a stranger walked in the shop, the sand was blowing at the rate of about forty miles an hour and I supposed he blew in with it, at any rate I kept my eye on him as it was an unusual thing for a stranger to stop in a small town barber shop as I said before. He hung up his hat, got in the chair and asked for a shave. When I got through he paid me my price, ten cents, and said to me: "Kid, do you hone razors here?" I replied, yes sir. "What is your price for honing?" Twenty-five cents. He threw a two bit piece on the stand and said. "Hone that razor, I will be back next week for a shave." This was my third year in the barber business and I thought of the old white headed barber who said, "you have a long way to travel before you make a barber out of yourself." I remained in Cement for about three years—three years of long hours and hard work; my health failed me, I gave up my business and moved to Oklahoma City and worked for a short while. From Oklahoma City to Shawnee and was there when statehood made its appearance and the state went dry.

Later I went to New Mexico and went into business for myself in a little town called Moriarty which is supported by sheep herders and a few farmers raising beans. I went broke trying to farm. I might have made some money that year if my beans had come up but it was so dry that I had to pour water on my hogs to swell them up before feeding them slop. This is the place you read about being so hot that the horns of the cattle melted and splattered on the plains, hence the horn button industry.

From Moriarty I went to Las Cruces, New Mexico. This was the next hottest place under the sun. I worked for a native Mexican but it being too hot for me I went to LaJunta, Colo. This town was dry but by going to Pueblo, Colo. you could get a glass of good old beer. In this state the barbers had to have a state license to barber within the state. One of the state examiners said to me: "Do you honestly believe you will be a barber?" My reply was that I had worked at the trade for twelve years hoping that I would some day get far enough along that I would be able to make a living at least. He drew me over the coals back and forth a few times and when he let me go I was somewhat heated up, but pleased, as I had a state license. At LaJunta I worked for a barber that canned me because I had disagreed with him for drinking all the Cedar Brook and setting all the dead bottles in front of my chair.

From LaJunta I went to Los Animas, Colo. I was there only a short time and then to Kansas. Stopped at Hutchinson. This is a nice town but a barber had about as much chance getting a job there as a jack-rabbit has going to heaven for the barbers there are all home guards. They never even take a vacation out of Hutchinson but they were all kind-hearted to me. I got pinched for vag. I sent word to the secretary of the Barbers' Union. He came to the City Hall, looked me over and

asked me if I had had my supper. I replied that I had. "Well," he said, "I can't see that you need anything as the city of Hutchinson feeds well." They were kind enough to me that they let me stay in jail for twenty-eight days with all kinds of tradesmen from a vagrant to a bank robber and some dope heads. When my twenty-eight days were completed I blew from there. I landed in a job in Wichita, stayed there only a short time and left in the cold winter for Oklahoma City. I went to work in a shop on Grand Ave. in the Overholser opera house. Was there only a few days as the shop went out of business. I went to Shawnee and as there was nothing doing there I blew to South McAlester and in a few days went to Ft. Smith, Ark.

At Ft. Smith I picked up a buddy. He told me many things about Arkansas that seemed unreasonable to me and I would accuse him of telling me stories and he said if I would stay a short time in Arkansas I would be convinced that he was telling me the truth. In a short time spring was at hand and one nice morning we went fishing; but this is not a fish story. As we sat very quietly I looked across the stream and saw a very strange animal. I turned to my buddy and asked him what it was. He said it was one of those razor-back hogs that he had been telling me about. This animal was about ten feet long and stood about four feet high. The hog walked to a hickory tree and began to draw himself from head to tail on the tree. "Now, what is he doing?" I asked. My buddy said you see he is stropping himself. This man raises these hogs for the Koken Barber Supply Co. of St. Louis, Mo. "Well," I said, "I want to see this man." We crossed the stream and started up to the little log cabin on the hill side. Suddenly a lad of about sixteen fell at our feet. I picked him up and asked him what the trouble was. He said, "I was planting corn in that field and I am not going back any more." "Why," I asked the lad. "Well," he said, "this is the fourth time I have fallen out of that field today." We gave the hill what is known as the grape-vine twist; in other words we made several curves around the hill, and finally got to the cabin, without falling out of the field. We asked the farmer to see his hogs as I was interested in them for the Koken Barber Supply Co. He said he would call them out of the woods. His hogs got so wild in the spring that they would hardly come for calling. He picked up a hickory stick about two feet long and about two inches in diameter. I kept my eye on him as I did not know the game. He stepped to a hollow log about three feet in diameter and about fifteen feet long, sat down on it and began to pound with all his might. The hogs began to fall out of the hills as if they grew on trees like pecans. I was getting a good view of them when about that time another sound like a machine gun began and the hogs pricked up their ears and away they went to answer the call. The old farmer said, "By heck that is hard luck, the woodpeckers run my hogs to death every spring." But that was nothing new to me as it has happened in old Kentucky.

From this place we went to IZARD County. This part of

Arkansas is sure enough rough and in the woods. My buddy lived in a little town in this county called Calico Rock. We arrived about 8:30 in the evening and all the young folks seemed to be pleased to see him, and as I was a new bird in the village they all gave me the once over. They decided to give us a dance for the next night. This dance was about one mile from Calico Rock on what was known as Coon Skin Hollow across Pumpkin Ridge. We got ready and started for the dance. The girls all dolled up except putting on their shoes, these they carried in their hands. We gave Pumpkin Ridge the grape-vine twist four or five times before we got to Coon Skin Hollow. When we got close to the house the girls sat down and put on their shoes and we proceeded to get to the dance. The floor manager was about 7 feet, 8 inches tall and yelled at the top of his voice for all to take a chew of tobacco. Some of them did not have any tobacco with them and those who did were sitting pretty. Most all had long green, some called it hill-side. It was so strong that it would make a jack-rabbit spit in a dog's face. They all took a chew, men and women, except a sickly little girl. She was asked if she did not chew and she said she could not chew that strong tobacco. The floor manager asked if any one in the crowd had store bought tobacco. I was from the city and had a heart as big as a mule and free with anything that I had. I gave him the sign, he came over and I gave him a seventy-five cent plug of star so they all began to throw out their hill-side and the pound plug only went half around and those who did not get a chew of the store bought tobacco got angry at me and raised so much hell that they broke up the dance. And those who got a chew of tobacco accused me of being the cause of it and the old tall boy stepped up in the middle of the floor and said this is the way them city slickers break up our dances.

The next day we started back to Ft. Smith. We came to a hill side farm, and saw a man with a single shot human rifle; he would shoot at the side of the hill, step another step and shoot again. I looked to see what he was shooting at and seeing nothing, asked my buddy what that guy was shooting. He laughed and said: "His farm is so steep that he could not get in the field to plant his corn and he is shooting it in with that gun." This aroused my suspicion as to how the man was to gather his crop in the fall and asked my buddy how this was done.

"You see that log pen at the foot of the hill?" I said "yes." "Well, he climbs up the hill into the field, pulls his corn, and throws it in that from any part of the field." I decided I had won another victory and started on my way for Ft. Smith. We had hoofed it about two miles and met a boy about 12 years old, a bright looking lad, and he had twelve of the nicest looking gray squirrels that I had ever seen. The lad having no gun with him, I asked how he got the squirrels without a gun. With rocks he said and pointed out a small one in the bunch saying, "Do you see that little one?" I had a lot of trouble killing him,

I had to throw at him three times before I got him."

We arrived at Ft. Smith about 10:30 at night. I only worked one day in this town as I had so much trouble with the hillside or in other words the long green. The natives would get in the chair with a wad in their jaw so large that when I gave my razor a slide I would most always take off the outside hunk. I bumped this job and came back to Oklahoma and got a job in a little town in Oklahoma or Arkansas, this no one seemed to know. This was only a Saturday job and well I remember the Saturday that an old hill-billy, looking to be about 65 or 70, came in, threw his hat on the floor, got in my chair and asked for a hair cut. He remarked that he got his hair cut twice a year whether it was in need or not. This must have been his spring hair-cut it being corn planting time. I put a towel around the back of his neck; he reached up and pulled it down at the corners and looked at me saying: "Haven't you a larger rag you could put on me to keep the hair off?" The boys cut my hair at home and they use my old red handkerchief but I left it at home today." I asked him if he wanted a shave and he said no, that he would cut them with the scissors. I then asked him if he wanted a neck-shave and he replied, "If it doesn't cost anything extra." Thinking that I would have some fun I told him to turn over and hang his head over the head rest. At my command he did this and the boys began laughing at my way of working and wanted to know where I had learned the trade. I told them at Dallas, Texas. One saying to the other, "I told you we did not run this shop like the city barbers."

I stayed in this place over Sunday and it was here that a bunch of us went fishing about three miles up the creek, same being closed in by large mountains on each side. Suddenly I heard a crash in the brush on the hillside. I looked and saw a woman run down hill for dear life and after her a boy about 18 years old. The woman jumped into the creek. I yelled at the top of my voice and asked the boy what in the h— he was trying to do. He said that the woman was his mother and she was trying to wean him and he'd be darned if he would stand for it.

My next move was to Muskogee, Oklahoma. This is a nice little place but was unable to find employment there and blew to Tulsa, Oklahoma. I worked here three weeks leaving for Wichita, Kansas on the twentieth of August, 1913. Not forgetting Hutchinson I passed through there on my way to Dodge City. Later deciding to go to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where the sun shines every day in the year and plenty of fresh air perfumed with chili and garlic and where the backbone of industry is beans, rocks and politics. This is the country that is better known as "Manyana," or tomorrow. The only amusement they have in the old historic town is when the cowboys get stewed and come to town with the ring of silver spurs and the odor of good corn whiskey, now and then you would hear the roar of a forty-five. Nevertheless it is a good place to live in.

When I landed in this town Statehood convention was in

session and I braced myself up for a position. I stepped into the swellest shop in town and to my surprise when I entered I noticed that all the barbers were negroes, but I was game, being broke, and asked for a job landing same on the back or fourth chair. I laid my tools on the case and was ready for work. I stayed here three weeks and had a scramble with the negro foreman and threw my shaving cup at him; it only took ten minutes to make the place look as if someone had made a bad job of moving out. There I was out of a job and a wife and three babies to look after and them in Oklahoma. After going to bed that night with only \$9.75 and no chance of getting work in Santa Fe the thought struck me that if I had only enough money to get myself a barber chair I could get by. I went to the printing office and had some tickets made that were good for eight shaves and sold them among the American people. I succeeded in selling 80 of these in about four hours and so rented a room over a drug store, bought a chair and went to work. I ran about a month and moved down on the ground floor; bought two more chairs and paid \$40 a month rent. I stayed in this town for about six years and made good money but my health failed me and I had to move.

Leaving Santa Fe I came back to God's country and located at Shawnee, Oklahoma. Here I bought an 80-acre sand hill farm and began raising chickens and hogs, not with the idea of making money but merely to get away from the business life. I went to work and planted the land in feed for my chickens and hogs. I lived on the farm for two years, bought some of the best breed of chickens I could find. The first year I had a nice bunch of fowls, perhaps 500 or 600. I also purchased four pure bred sows and raised hogs to a good advantage. The second year my chickens took what I called the big eye. The hens would set on the roost all day long and I was at a loss what to do. About the same time I invited a couple of my barber friends out for a country dinner. After the meal was finished I asked them to take a look at the nice bunch of fowls I had. We went out and looked them over and sure enough some of the hens were on the roost asleep. Henry Coyer, one of my friends, looked at Scoty, the other barber, and then asked if my chickens laid the eggs we had for dinner and I said, "sure." "Well, that is a god one on us Scoty," said Coyer and looking at me said: "Sawyer you have fed us owl eggs for dinner. You live so far out in the sticks that the owls and your chickens have mixed." I had built a hog pasture in a piece of lowland and did not know at the time that it would overflow. During a big rain this land overflowed and drowned all my hogs. I became disgusted and advertised the farm as a hog ranch, for sale. I succeeded in getting an answer from a party in the State of Illinois. He came down and looked the land over very closely noticing the red mud on the trees that had overflowed. Asking me about this I replied that I had some big hogs and they would wallow in the red mud on the hill and then go for the lowland and rub on the underbrush thereby getting the trees muddy to a

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height of about five feet. He studied a second or two and turned to me and said: "Sawyer I don't want the farm as it is war times and hogs are high and I can't buy both farm and hogs so I will just take a pair of those large hogs back with me."

I left the farm and went to Shawnee to go into the real estate business and in this game remained two years. Having now been out of the barber business four years I decided to go back to my old trade.

I went to Mercedes, Texas, and worked six weeks in this little town. Near there is some of the finest country. It is warm most all the year round, plenty of fishing and hunting and the land will grow anything that grows in soil. Leaving this country I came back to Shawnee and shortly afterward moved to Cyril, Oklahoma. This is about the best part of the state and is near the Cement oil field having a small field of its own near town. I have been in this town about 20 months, did not have a dime when I came, a wife and four children but thank God I am holding my own; however have not accumulated many dimes. The wind blows a good deal of the time here. One day a newcomer asked if the wind blew this way all the time. After he had spent about a week here I told him it blew from the other way part of the time. This is also the town that the story is told as a joke that the water is so scarce and you are a tourist be careful or they will drain your radiator for drinking water.

I will say a few words to the young man that is thinking of learning the barber trade. The barber trade is one of the most unhealthy trades you can undertake as you are in a closed room for long hours where there is no fresh air and you cannot realize the danger. Think of the fine hairs from the clippings off the head that you cannot see with the eye; these you breathe day after day. You may look at the lungs of a barber with an X-ray and you will find a mass of hair in each lung as large as a dime. Did you ever see a barber that did not have a cough or a clearing of the throat? Think of this before you get in the business so far that you have lost time and money and health, before you realize what you have at stake in this business and before it is too late to withdraw from it without a heavy loss.

A Man With Many Whiskers and a Few Words.

One day a large gentleman came into the shop. I could always look a small man in the face or the eye better than a large man. I am a good hand to talk to my customers especially if I like them. I frequently talk too much as many other barbers do but this is more or less caused by spinal nervousness. I had been in this town only a few days and the gentleman I referred to above came in. He was a man that weighed about 450 pounds. Stepping into my chair, he looked at me and said: "Kid, I am a man with many whiskers and few words and I want my whiskers shaved off and not talked off, as I have seen barbers do." This was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

I started to lather him and when the clock struck 12 I had him lathered ready to shave. I put on my coat and hat and went to lunch returning at 1 o'clock hoping that some of the boys had finished the job. Well he was still in the chair and looking at me very hard he said, "are you going to finish me before supper?" I replied, "Yes if you can stand it I will finish you." I got the job finished before supper time. He asked what my charges were and I said that shaving was 25 cents but when I hired out by the day I charged \$10. Well then he said: "I owe you about \$7.50." "Yes sir," was my reply. He handed me 50 cents and said, "that is for the rest I got at noon." Later he changed barber shops and we were all at loss to know if it was because I charged him \$7.50 or for the loss of time and hide in the operation.

Only One Barber Could Cut His Hair.

This is an expression that is heard in the barber chair every day and it is as a rule a class of customers that never have much barber work done as the regular customer at a barber shop is not so apt to have this foolish idea. The story goes, there was a barber, a hobo barber, one that never stays long at one place. He went to Los Angeles, Cal., thinking that no barber but Tom could cut his hair and moved to this place. This man is the main character in the story. Here the hobo barber joined the navy and went to the Philippine Islands. The man followed Tom the next week to these Islands that he might get him to cut his hair. But in a few weeks the hobo moved back to California and this man was in need of another hair cut and moved to California with the barber. The barber then moved to the Great Lakes and later went to parts unknown. The man followed him again but in vain for when he arrived in Michigan the barber had gone. He sat on the curbstone and began to cry, "What shall I do?" A sympathetic gentleman came up to him and said, "My boy this town is full of good barbers. Can't you get one of them to cut your hair?" The kindly gentleman then asked me to tell him my story about this barber. "Sit down and I will tell you," I said. "I am a man that has the foolish idea that he is the only barber that can cut my hair. I was at one time a man of means. I have spent large sums of money since I left home but look at me now. I am in this town with no clothes, no money and on the bum, however I would not care if I could only get Tom to cut my hair.

President Taft Caused It All.

Recalling my trip back through New Mexico and in the Estanchia Valley. This valley is about 40 miles wide and about 70 miles in length. The means of making a living in this valley are raising cattle, sheep and some dry farming such as raising Mexican beans which are better known in the land of Man-yanna as "frijholes." The buildings in this state, or a large portion of them, are made of mud blocks, as we call them, but the proper name is "adobe." These blocks are made with grass

or straw mixed with the mud in order to hold their shape and laid in the sun to dry. They are about 12x18 inches and probably four inches thick, mortared together with common mud. The people of these houses dash the outside with sand and gravel, smooth the inside of them with mud or whitewash, it making a very neat appearing home which is cool in the summer and warm in the winter. In this valley I happened in a little town called Estancia, the county seat of Torrance county, during the night. Being tired after a hundred or so mile ride on a freight train I got a room in the best hotel in town. Late in the night I was awakened by a noise in the office and the saloon next door. This was the night President Taft signed the Statehood bill and I thought nothing of it although it lasted for three hours or more. I awoke about 8:30 the next morning and as I had often heard about the cowboys being such tough guys I took my time going down the stairway so as not to get into anything that I could not carry out with me without going out the back door. As I stepped into the office a boy was weeping and I noticed something laying all over the floor that looked to me like grapes. I asked the lad if they raised grapes in that country and he replied "No." "Well," I said, "looks like that is quite a bunch of them to be wasting," and it looked to me as if there was about a peck of them. "Them's not grapes," replied the boy, "those are eye-balls."

I went to Phoenix, Ariz., taking berth No. 23. This was always my lucky number but it was hard luck for a Jew as the poor devil died. I heard the conductor tell the Irish porter to throw him out in the desert as he would be smelling bad before they got to Phoenix. The porter had probably been drinking some "Red Eye" and made a mistake and threw the wrong Jew out of the window. The conductor came through the sleeper about daylight and looked in the dead Jews' berth and found him still there. Calling the porter he asked him why he hadn't thrown him out. The porter replied, "I did," and went to show him that he had. But he found the Jew there. Turning to the conductor he said: "Well boss I thought you said 33 and I threw a Jew out of there. He fought me all over the sleeper and said he was not dead but that is the trouble with a darn Jew you can't believe anything they tell you."

A Barber Was Not Wanted.

During another trip into Kansas I stopped at a little town by the name of Cimeron and worked about two weeks. I never was much of a ladies' man and never wanted to marry but I got acquainted with the belle of the town, living at the edge of the little city, and we got up somewhat of a courting case. She said to me that if I did not marry her she would become an old maid. I was kind-hearted and told her that I would marry her and talked about the big things we would do. When I left the town I had forgotten my promises. One day I received a long letter from this girl begging me to come back and marry her. Deciding to do this I went back but thought it best to

speak to her father first. I called at the house and told the old gentleman that I wanted to marry his daughter, and was told to come back the next week. Well I was a very busy man but nevertheless I went back the next week. "I have talked it over with the old lady," he said, "and she would rather have an old maid in the house than a hobo barber."

I Tell Stories Without License.

I am not a licensed story teller and that is the reason I have told the truth all the way. I have traveled in several states but more around home in the barn lot. I remember a trip I made from Wichita, Kan. to San Antonio, Texas, going through Oklahoma City. I took a berth for the night, same being number 13. I went to bed and after a few minutes a gentleman occupying number 12, below me, said to the porter: "What time do we arrive in Ft. Worth?" The porter answered, "At half-past five in the morning." "Allright," replied the man, "I want to get off at Ft. Worth. I sleep very heavily and am hard to awake but you must make me get up, don't mind what I say and if I kick about it just pull me out." Alright said the porter and the man went to sleep. He did not wake up until it was broad daylight. About 50 miles out of Ft. Worth he called the porter. "See here didn't I tell you to put me off at Ft. Worth?" "Well, ah declah," said the porter, "if it wasn't you, who was that I threw off at Ft. Worth?"

His Age Was 104 and Threw Rocks At His Grandmother.

I have been told that South Texas was very healthful and heard many stories that I thought unreasonable, just as you have heard thousands of them about South Texas, until I had made several trips and found that they were true. I was working for a land company which was operating out of Kansas City and when I would come back to the northern States I would not tell all the wonders I had seen. They were so unreasonable that they would never believe them. I am going to tell you a story about the Rio Grande Valley. I have never told this story and would not tell it to your face. On one trip with prospective land buyers I saw an old man with a long gray beard sitting in front of a house crying. I asked the driver to stop the car that I wanted to see what was wrong with the old man. I walked over to the old gentleman and asked him his troubles. "Oh, nothing," he said. I then asked him his age and how long he had been in this Valley. He replied that he was 104 years old and that he had been in the valley all his life. He then told his troubles. He said that his father had just given him a licking for throwing rocks at his grandmother. The above story I made for myself from a boxing contest that was staged in the year 1920 at Beeville, Texas, between two aged men. One of these was 104 years of age and the other one 108. I saw one of these men later working in a garden near the depot as our train had taken siding for a north bound passenger from Galveston. We always made Galveston on our trips. We had lunch

at the Galveston hotel and afterward, bathing in the Bay which was duly appreciated. We also passed through Corpus Christi, which is a very beautiful place. The part of the city which was destroyed by frequent storms is in very low land which is level with the Bay. It is not the wind that does all the damage but the tidal wave that was caused by the wind. The higher portion of the city did and does not suffer from the storms. This is also a great fishing city. I well remember the time I saw a man come up the bay with a fish that weighed 185 pounds. Just across the Bay from Corpus Christi is the Taft ranch which has all the conveniences of the modern home. This is a wonderful spot for farming and stock raising and is one of the most beautiful places of the South.

The Southwest States Are On the Bum—1922.

I just recall the sign on an old worn out wagon drawn by a pair of burros, driven by an old man and his wife. They camped near the city in which I was operating a barber shop in the western part of Oklahoma. I saw this sign on the wagon and thought it was a show that was just coming into the town as shows were few and far between in this section of the country. I looked at the aged couple and thought that it would be some show and moved to one side to see the sign and this is how it read: "The Southwest States are on the bum, Texas is near starvation, Mexico is meditating, Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma are profiteering, the republican administration is going to h— and we are going to Arkansas." I wished them good luck and started away and the old man called to me. "Hey, mister, hain't you folks got any water in this town besides this that has salts in it?" I told him that it was not salts, it was gyp water but was unable to convince him as he said that he had taken a barrel of salts in his life time and he knew what it was. I told him that he was as near correct as possible for gyp water and salts are practically the same thing. In the morning I saw the same wagon leaving town with this sign on it: "We stopped here for a rest but find it not best as we can't drink gyp water."

At the present writing I am in Caddo County, Oklahoma, and the dirt blowing at the rate of about forty per. It recalls to mind a trip that I made from Shawnee, Okla. to Estancia, New Mexico in the spring of 1908. This trip was made by the way of El Reno, Okla. and Amarillo, Texas. Near a little town called Texola on the Texas and Oklahoma line we were traveling about four miles an hour, suddenly the train stopped. I asked the conductor the reason of this and he replied that there was a curve ahead and they dared not try to make it while the wind was blowing so hard. We had to keep the windows closed as the posts and other things were blowing around. After a few minutes the wind stopped and we moved on only to stop again. Fearing that something was seriously wrong this time I asked the engineer the trouble. He said they were waiting for another wind to blow a sand pile off the track that the other storm had left. The train later stopped at a siding for

another train to pass. I noticed a man in the field digging with his hands. As we had several minutes to wait, I asked one of the passengers to go with me and see what the man was hunting for.

We walked up to him and asked him if he was hunting something. He said, "Yes, about three weeks ago the wind had blown his rain barrel away." Seeing something on the ground and after a close inspection found them to be barrel staves, I called his attention to them. "Yes," he said, "I found the staves but it was no good to him without the bunghole and he was hunting for it. He went on to tell us the wind had even ruined the fence that the spaces between the wires were blown away. This was the first place that I have ever seen hay used for fencing purposes. While sitting on the train waiting for the wind to blow the sand off the track I noticed that the only places the fence was standing was where the farmer had placed bales of hay around the posts with a part of them projecting above the ground so the hay would catch the sand. The wind would blow so hard that in a short time it had blown all the dirt away from the posts allowing them to fall to the ground.

I Rode a Mule With the Harness On.

A few years back while I was in New Mexico I worked one Saturday at a little town on the Santa Fe called Berlin just south of Albuquerque. It was a very cold day and early in the morning an old ranchman came into the shop with a heavy overcoat on and a large collar perked up around his neck. He got in the chair with his coat on and I asked him to remove it. "Well," he said, "can't you shave me with my coat on?" I said, "I may be able to shave you alright as I rode a mule once with the harness on." But the joke was on me for he said, "Well, didn't she buck?"

I humped around the above mentioned town until I went broke and finally heard of a ranchman that wanted a sheep herder and I landed the job. I went out at night so as to be able to go to work in the morning. The old ranchman advised me to be very careful not to lose any of the lambs as they were bad to drop behind the rest of the herd in the shade of the cactus. I had 500 old sheep and 249 lambs to herd. I had trouble with the lambs all day and worked hard to keep them rounded up with the old sheep. That night I started to the corral with them and at last got them in, however I was completely exhausted. The next morning I had a hard days work ahead of me and as it was a long ways back to town I decided that I did not want the job any longer. I told the ranchman to check up my herd and see if I had all that I had started out with the day before. We counted the herd and found that the number of old sheep was as that the day before. We then counted the lambs and found that I had 249 the same as the day before and also 113 jack rabbits that I had corraled thinking they were lambs. This is likely to happen in the best of families. I have seen in the Estancia Valley, jack rabbit drives where they would

kill as many as 500 at a time. They would take chicken wire and stretch it in a V-shape in the lowlands and start at the wide end and drive them to the small end and then armed with clubs about five feet long killing them by the hundreds. I asked an old ranchman if they were good to eat and he said, "Yes, but I don't eat them. If the children eat them they get so wild that I can't corral them at night."

I Have Shaved the Noted Frank James.

In the years 1906-7 at Cement Oklahoma, in Caddo County, I have had the honor of shaving the noted Frank James, who at one time was one of the James outlaws. I have a brother who has also had the same honor while he was serving as an accomplice in my shop although he now has a shop of his own in Naravisa, New Mexico. I have had the pleasure of seeing and meeting Mr. James who died in Excelsior Springs, Mo., a few years back. He was a man about 5 feet 6 inches tall and about 70 years old. At this time he was somewhat gray but looked to be much younger than he really was. When Mr. James came into the shop he would apparently see everything in the place before he would greet you with his "Good morning gentlemen." Mr. James was a man of small stature and it is said by his friends who hunted with him that he always shot quail from his hip and never raised the gun to shoot. He would never take a chance with a so-called friend when out hunting. He would always make them go through the fence first and then crawl through himself bringing his gun after him.

Mr. James, however, was quite a nice man. Most people think that he was a cranky old man but this was not true, for he was a gentleman. The only cross word I ever heard him say was in the Jordan Hotel in Cement, Oklahoma. A young fellow who was traveling for a tobacco company thought he was a pretty smart guy. Mr. James was reading a paper and had his feet propped up on the lobby table and the traveling salesman rolled a piece of tinfoil and thumped it at the paper James was reading. James paid no attention at first but the second time the drummer did this the old man looked at him and said: "Young man I take that as an insult. Don't repeat it." He later got up and walked down the street. When he had gone Mr. Jordan asked the drummer if he knew who that fellow was. He replied no, that he thought he was some hayseed farmer. Mr. Jordan then told him who the man was and the drummer would not believe him, so he went out and asked several people and they all told him the same story. After studying the matter over he decided to move his sleeping quarters for the night and he hired a man to get him out of town. At that time we had no automobiles or flying machines but I have an idea that a flying machine would have taken the itch out of the bottom of his feet faster than a slow horse and buggy.

I still have the same razor that I shaved Mr. James with but it is not in use. However it is not a relic like the one a

gentleman brought in to have me hone for him. He went on to say that he had ten grandfathers. He said that his tenth grandfather came from Ireland, the ninth was a Swede, the eighth was from Greenland, the seventh was an Italian, the sixth was a German, the fifth a Jap, the fourth was a Scotchman, the third was an Oklahoma Indian, the second was a horse thief and the first a bank robber. I looked at him and wondered what nationality he was and later decided he was a Rocky Mountain jackass from the way he brayed and flopped his ears when I charged him thirty-five cents for honing a fro.

I Bought in Six Months 144 Washtubs.

Relating to the time I moved to Cyril, Okla., Caddo County in December 1920. Everything went along nicely until spring came and the windy weather with it. I was a poor man as I have stated before and my wife had to do the family washing but from the amount of tubs I bought that spring would lead people to think that she was taking in washing. I bought the usual amount of tubs this being about three and the wind came up in the night and blew them all away. I bought several tubs before I got on to the scheme to save them. I would tie them to an iron rod, driven in the ground, tied with a piece of rope and the wind came strong enough to beat and thrash the tubs to pieces.

In the fall I went in to pay for the tubs I had got and the dealer had me charged with 144.

This state is also noted for cyclones. I saw a piece in the paper in the month of March where a storm had struck Sulphur, Okla. and a farmer near Shawnee, Oklahoma in going over his field found a gar fish several feet long. The paper stated that it had been carried by the storm. I would advise you not to doubt anything you hear about Oklahoma as you know that it lies west of Arkansas, south of Kansas and north of Texas and is a heck of a place when the wind blows and that is about 65 percent of the time.

Sawyer, the Biggest Liar in the State of Oklahoma.

I never like to tell a fish story, as they invariably sound and smell fishy. But I had a rather peculiar experience one day last summer. It was one of the very hottest days of the year. I ran across a large hole of water, which was frozen over, and a nice lot of cats, ranging in size from 10 to 15 feet. Of course these fish were rather large for one man to handle; but being fish hungry, I cut a hole in the ice, after studying the matter over. Knowing that I was violating the law to do so, I landed ten of the largest swimmers in a very brief space of time. I had just sent them home by my little boy (and it was all he could do to get away with them). Shortly after he hove out of sight, I looked around and saw a guy step out of the brush. "Well," he said, "have you caught anything?" "Yes," I replied, not thinking who I was speaking to. "How many?" he asked. "Ten large ones," I replied. "Well," he said, "do you know

who I am?" "No, sir, and I don't give a darn," I retorted hotly. "Well," he continued, "I am the game warden." My gigantic intellect worked rapidly, and as quickly I answered, "you don't seem to know me." "No sir," was his reply, "and I don't give a darn." "Well," I answered, "My name is Sawyer, the biggest liar in the State of Oklahoma; I haven't caught a thing."

How Do You Expect To Get Away With That Old Stuff?

I want to call the customers' attention to the fact, that the man who is always in a hurry, after coming into the shop, never gains anything by jumping from one shop to another. When you want work done, make it a point to go to the shop when the barber is not rushed, and get your seat and wait until your turn comes. In rushing the barber, you make him nervous, as he has had this to contend with all day, and your patronage is always appreciated by the barber, when you are considerate. How a man gets the idea that he can go to the barber shop and hang up his coat or hat and run all over town, come back and hold his turn, is more than I can see. If the shop was full of customers, and this was the rule, and your coat and hat came next, and the barber sat in his chair and waited for you to return, he might wait all day; and did you ever stop to think, he cannot shave the coat or hat? This has never been the rule in any shop, only by the customers. When you leave the shop, you lose your turn. You can hold your turn in the bath room or toilet. When you sell your turn to another customer, you must take his number. This has caused trouble with hot headed and drinking people. I knew a barber who had a wrangle with a guy, for selling his place to another guy, and then trying to keep it. The result was, the barber was shot and killed. This incident occurred at Meeker, Okla. The barber could not show this guy where he was wrong.

A Quart of Milk Is Right Smart.

You have often heard the story that we live and die and forget everything. The words "right-smart" that you have often heard. This word is used generally in the central west, to distinguish the quantity or amount, of money or other valuables or invaluable. I could not find what this amount would be, when it was used. One day, I heard a farmer in Drumright, Oklahoma, a small oil field town, in Creek County, trying to sell his milk cow to the dairyman. The dairyman asked the farmer how much milk the cow would give at a milking. The farmer replied that she would give a right-smart. "Well," said the dairyman, "I will go and look at the cow." This was during the war, and milk was selling for 85 cents a gallon. I had longed to know what the amount, right-smart was, so I made myself acquainted with the dairyman, passing myself as a professional dairy connoisseur, and accompanied him to the farm to investigate what the amount would be, which was termed, right-smart. The farmer milked the cow, and I then learned what a right-smart meant. The cow gave a quart of milk, so this convinced me that a quart was a right-smart.

Is the World Falling in Grace?

I am not going to comment on this idea, but I have often thought of what Teddy Roosevelt said in a speech during his last campaign, at St. Paul, Minn., immediately following his return from the jungles of Africa, where he associated with monkeys and apes for some time. He said that he was afraid that the world was falling in grace, and that the human race may return to the customs of the people before the dawn of civilization. This I have thought about many times, and can safely say, that I believe Roosevelt did see a vision which he did not reveal to anyone during his life. I have made those few words a study, and I believe that Teddy saw far enough ahead, that he could see that short skirts and the low-necked waists were getting higher and lower. If the waists keep coming down and the skirts going up, how long will it be before the Adam and Eve style will be adopted? This I will leave for you to figure out for yourself.

The Pentecostal Religion

I will try and give you a brief outline, as it was told to me of the Penticostal religion, as I have never attended any of these meetings. This form of service and worship, is invariably held in the open air, without any kind of a shelter, near a small stream or spring. They worship a large cross, already prepared, cut from a peon tree, averaging in length from 10 to 12 feet, and in width, about 10 inches, at the large end. This makes a very heavy load. The leader in the services carries the cross as long as his endurance will permit, and then lays it down and piles rocks to mark the distance which he has carried the cross. Then he inflicts punishment on himself by whipping himself with a thorny brush. Many punish themselves to such an extent that the blood runs from their backs and drips off at their heels. The amount of punishment they give themselves is according to the extent of their sins for the past year. Then another does likewise, and so on, until the entire membership of the flock have completed their duties as to the rules of their belief. I have seen members of the Pentecostal church, come to the hospitals at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and remain there for three or four months at a time, to recover from punishment which they inflicted upon themselves. It may be said, that it would probably benefit the entire world to adopt this religion, as it might have a stronger impression on the people. At least it would dislodge the idea from some peoples' minds that it ought to be done. The above religion is practiced more among the Aztec Indians, near the ruins of the Cliff Dwellers, in New Mexico.

The Cliff Dwellers and Kit Carson.

If you ever visit Santa Fe, New Mexico, don't fail to visit the ruins of the cliff dwellers, which are located about 35 miles north of Santa Fe. They are very interesting. It is wonderful to look up in the open spaces of air towards the blue sky and

see the chambers that have been dug out in the walls of solid rock, ranging around 150 feet in height, and not a sign of a stairway, or any conveyance, to gain access to the rooms so high in the air. It will ever be a mystery as to how these people scaled the dizzy heights to their rooms. Another great mystery, is what finally became of this strange race of people.

You can find foundations of houses completely covered up, showing many rooms, numbering from 50 to 150. Another interesting scene, is to look at what is called the death chamber. It is about 30 feet deep, around 10 feet across the top, and is walled with stone. The idea of most people who visit these places is that the tribes used the chamber for a prison. It is built on the order of a cistern, and this may be what they used it for. In visiting these places, you will find human bones, of the small type, from appearances, the bones of a child, between the ages of 10 and 15 years. But the theory is that these bones are of fully matured people. They are placed in crockery jars, or in old baskets. The most modern Pueblo Indian village in the southwest, is that at Tesuone, New Mexico. There are only 35 or 40 of these noted villages in the southwest. Tesuone, New Mexico, is the home of the famous Indian fighter, Kit Carson, and whose grave is located at that place. It has been said that Kit killed more Indians than any other man living today. He would make whole bands of them take to the tall timber single handed. All you had to do to make the Indian weaken in the knees, was to yell out in Spanish, "Viva l, Kit." Kit Carson was highly praised by the Mexican people of New Mexico. His wife being a Mexican, gave him a better understanding of the ways of the Mexican people, as well as their customs. He was a Kentuckian by birth. Coming to New Mexico with his parents in the flint lock rifle days. He belonged to the I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 1, at Santa Fe, in the state of New Mexico. His request when he died, was to present his rifle to that lodge, which was later placed on a rack over the door of the lodge room. State historical societies of New Mexico have constructed small railroad systems at different points over that state, to carry away the dirt, which is being removed in order to uncover the foundations of the famous old ruins of the Cliff Dwellers. In removing the dirt from these places, they find whole ears of corn, burned to a charcoal. This is a mystery, as all well-informed people know that this corn has laid there from 1000 to 3000 years. These people have become extinct, possibly from war or starvation. Another peculiar thing is that no one has ever found where they secured their water supply, unless they carried it from 10 to 15 miles in crockery, or raw hide jars. The Cliff Dwellers at Mesa Verde Park, Colo. signs indicate that they existed as far back as 1300 A. D. The Cliff Dwellers in my mind, are not a strange race of people, as I believe they are the modern Aztec Indian of today. Of course theory is all we have for proof and there is not a living man of that or any other country who can tell you anything about the Cliff Dwellers, and history was not known at that day and time.

A Few Words About South Texas.

It is well to say the Kings ranch at Kingsville, Texas,, covers the greater part of four counties. This ranch covers all of Kieberg, Willacy, the northeast part of Brooks and the south part of Jim Wells, and the south part of Nueces county. Mrs. King is still living on the small garden spot. Of course she is getting somewhat old and feeble, and does not like the honk of the auto, and complains of the front gate being too near the house. The gate being only 65 miles from her front door. She is thinking very strongly of having the house moved back some distance from the gate so as to not be annoyed by the noise. You will find on Kings ranch a modern up-to-date little city, all belonging to Mrs. King. On this ranch there is a certain specie of cattle, called the "Sacred Cattle." Flies or any other pests, will not molest them. On this ranch there is one of the most modern creameries in the southwest. The house in which Mrs. King resides is constructed of Italian marble, and four 6-inch cannon are placed on top of the building for protection of said ranch. This famous ranch is located about 75 miles southwest of Corpus Christi, Texas.

Texas is a wonderful cattle country. Millions of dollars are made each year in cattle raising. Did you ever think about what a large animal you would have, if all the cattle of Texas were in one large steer. He would be so large that he could stand with his right front foot in the Pacific ocean and his left front foot in the Gulf of Mexico, with his left hind foot in the Great Lakes, and his right hind foot in Canada, and brush the cob webs from the Statue of Liberty.

Texas is also somewhat of a hog state. If you had all of the hogs of the state of Texas in one hog, he could stand with one hind foot in the state of Michigan and one hind foot in the state of Oregon, and one front foot in southeast Mexico, and the other front foot in Lower California, and root the Panama Canal with one root and two grunts. Texas is also a great onion state. If all the onions that are grown in South Texas could be made into a necklace, it would go around the world five times.

Texas also produces some funny incidents in the barber business. In the town of Alice, Texas, which is 41 miles west of Corpus Christi, while working with a land company, I decided to stop at this place and work a few days at my trade. After working a short time, I found that the Texas rangers and cow punchers, had the most peculiar faces I had ever seen; being raw-boned and of the sink-hole nature; and I lost my job because I sharpened a spoon and tried to dip them out.

A Few More Words to the Reader Regarding the Life of
The Hobo Barber.

I will say a few more words to the reader of this about the life of the hobo barber. It makes me feel very sorry for the young man I see in the barber college learning the barber trade. These young men could prepare themselves for a much

better way of earning a livelihood, as it will take them three years steady at the barber chair, to hold a position or join the barbers' union. Without the protection of the union, you cannot get very far along in the barber business, as all of the best shops in the larger towns and cities, recognize same. A man working at the barber trade as a rule, does not save very much of this world's goods, and does not progress very far in society, as his working hours are so long and his income so small, that he never attains the necessary status to get very far along in a social way, with the class which carries the large bank roll. Did you ever hear of or know of a barber being elected to any high public office? Such as governor or president? But I do not say that there are not as clean men working at this profession, as you will find in any other line of legitimate endeavor. Did you ever see a barber millionaire, or worth a large sum of money? This is due to the unusually small amount which can be made in the barber business. You may think you have seen barbers who have accumulated great wealth, but if you will investigate you will find that they have made it in some other way. The barber trade is a trade which makes a man very much discontented. For the reason that a barber stands all day in a tiresome position over his customers, straining his spine and standing on his feet long hours, on hard concrete floors; this causing a hardening of the arteries in the legs and affecting the kidneys and the spine, and the eyes, causing headaches and indigestion; constipation; and resulting in a broken down constitution; nervous system wrecked, until finally he is no longer fit to follow the barber business. After working a few years, it is hard for a man to give up a trade which has cost him several hundred dollars to learn, and of time lost while learning. As I have mentioned before in this book, that his hours are so long and confining, lack of fresh air, etc., that a few years of this grind will kill the average man. He either contracts stomach, kidney or lung trouble, being the three diseases which will take hold of a man. And when a barber contracts lung trouble, he is forbidden by the state laws from working at his trade, and by the barbers' union. Of course it is safe to say that 75 percent of the barbers have lung trouble in some form or other. Of course this disease has a strong hold on a good percent of the outside population, and should be guarded against. It is not safe for a barber to stand over a customer when he is almost dead with the terrible disease. This is the chief reason that I do not desire to work in the western states, as there are thousands of people who come from the eastern states for their health, almost dead with the T. B. I have gone to their rooms, and to the sanitariums and shaved them on their cots, so near dead that the poor people did not know what you were doing to them. A man or anyone affected with the T. B. have a soft spongy appearance in their flesh, and also have a bad odor about them; this odor always follows the disease, no matter how clean a person may keep himself. The trouble with shaving these people is that they are liable to cough in

your face, before you have time to guard against same, or before they can prevent it themselves. There are several ways of spreading this disease, as the odors from cuspidors in which they may expectorate, if not properly treated with disinfectants may spread the plague. If a member of a family has T. B., proper preventatives should be taken to protect the other members of the family from becoming infected with germs. All public places should be properly ventilated, and cuspidors with disinfectants placed at convenient places, and rules placed in large letters, letting everyone know that they will be fined if they do not abide by the health regulations. If you should contract this disease, get out into the open at once. Sleep out of doors, or in a well ventilated room, where you can breathe plenty of fresh air. Go to a high and dry climate. Don't wait too long, for a few days' delay may prove fatal. There are several forms of T. B. All of which are fatal, if proper treatment is not taken. Rest and fresh air are the only cures. The system must be built up by substantial food, plenty of rest, and a freedom from all worry and care. I have known of many people who have been found dead sitting on park benches and other places, as a result of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Many of these people die from not having proper attention and not going west earlier. The most of them wait to the last chance and are almost dead when they arrive. I have seen many people afflicted with this disease coming from the east on stretchers over the Raton Paths. These paths are between Trinidad, Colorado, and Raton, New Mexico. Many of these people die going over these paths as the altitude is so high. I have seen them have hemorrhages and the blood run from their mouth, nose and ears, from the effects of the high altitude. In going to these states for this disease I would suggest for you to go the southern route by the way of Amarillo, Texas.

To the Boy of a Tender Age.

I want to suggest to the young man who is thinking of learning the barber trade to not rely on what I have said in regards to the business, but suggest that you go to the oldest barber in your town and ask him if he has read this book, "The Life of the Hobo Barber," then ask his authority on what I have to say and after doing so you may act upon your own decision as I am only making these suggestions. You may not have agreed with me on what I have to say as my purpose of this book is only to give you a hunch as to what this business consists of from a man with 25 years experience, and for your own good stay out of the business. This trade is looked down upon as a cheap trade and the public in general does not appreciate what you do for them. I say if the barber would charge for his service like the doctor, lawyer and the other professional men the man that stands behind the chair from 12 to 18 hours a day, the public would look at the barber with a different expression on its face and they would not turn up

their nose and say, "Oh, he's only a cheap barber." I say this because the barber business is a cheap trade. I say this to the public that everything that glitters is not gold and if you think the barbers prices are too high get you a razor and shave yourself and do not be complaining to your barber about his prices as this will not buy you anything when you consider the health of the barber. You are getting your work done cheap at any price that he may charge you. Of course it will look to you like he is making money hand over fist, but did you ever stop to think when you came into the shop in the evening that probably his income for the day would not buy a square meal, as this barber may have sat there all day and decreased the valuation of the seat of his pants and you may have been the only customer for the day and how could you expect a smile from this man that would make an Irish woman laugh, and many a day I have sat all day and shaved only one customer. Your home barber is a good spender and a good fellow with the boys, as this is most always the case and he spends all he makes and this is one of the chief causes of the barber never having anything. If he is not a good fellow with his customers and spend his money with them they consider that he is short and the customers soon fall to the barber who does spend his money on them. My advice to you is to get into a business that if you do make a dollar or two you can save it and not have to spend it to get more business. This was practiced more in saloon days than at present. In saloon days I have seen the barber shave a customer and go and spend it for a drink to encourage his customers for the next shave. This is a bad habit for the barber as it encourages the habit of drinking, and drinking while on duty. I would suggest to the customer of any barber shop that if you know of a man who takes a drink to move your business. A man who takes a drink of the deadly poison is not to be trusted. I have worked at the barber trade only lacking a few months of being 25 years and I have my first time yet to get drunk or even be under the influence of liquor. Other things that I have not done is to gamble, play pool, or molest the other man's wife. Also baseball is of very little interest to me, neither do I belong to any church as I have seen barbers play them all to stimulate their business. My only ideas of sport are fishing and hunting.

Water, Water Everywhere, and Not a Drop to Drink.

I have told you many things that I have seen in this state of "manyana," in English, this means "tomorrow." Things that I have seen, and have not seen. I have seen large lakes of water on the plains, which are called mirages. I bet \$16.00 against 160 acres of dry farming land with Uncle Sam that I could stay five years and not lose the bet, but I lost. While serving the above sentence, ten miles from town, I could see in the direction of town in the afternoon, between the hours of two and four o'clock, some of the most beautiful lakes of water, with hundreds of heads of cattle grazing around them. I could see the shadows of skyscrapers and elevators in these lakes.

This convinces me that your eyes can be deceived. I could see an object that I knew was not true.

I was at one time unfortunate enough to get mixed up in a case where a man stole a cow. I was only serving as a witness, however. When the judge asked me if I had seen the man steal the cow, I told him that I did not know whether it was a cow or calf. The lawyer asked me why I could not tell the difference between them; I told him that I had seen things since arriving in the state of New Mexico, that looked like lakes of water, when there was not a spoonful to be found. That I thought I had seen him steal the cow, but would not swear to anything.

I have stood in the valley of Estancia and counted fourteen small whirlwinds, about the size of a stove-pipe, from 300 to 400 feet in the air. This is the country where you climb for water and dig for wood. The year 1909 was a very dry year, and the majority of people left the country, all who could possibly get away. They had left until my nearest neighbor was just 25 miles away.

The Reason I Do Not Like the Ring of the Razor or the Rattle of the Strop

I could say a great deal more about the reasons why I do not like the ring of the razor or the rattle of the strop, but it probably would not be of any interest to the reader. But you should bear in mind that after a man is in the barber business a few years, he becomes nervous, and these nervous spells will come in spite of all that he can do. This is caused from lack of outdoor exercise. Then indigestion and many other diseases follow. Think of the millions of short cuttings of hairs which a barber inhales, which are not visible to the naked eye.

Speaking of the scarcity of water in Western Oklahoma. We could scarcely get enough to drink, and when it was possible to get a drink, it would be pure unadulterated gyp water, and one time I went 24 hours without water of any kind. This making me relative to a camel. I have also gone six months without washing my feet, having to wait until it rained. We would take our semi-annual bath in the spring when the weather became warm enough so that we could stand outside on the sunny side of the building and shake the dirt off. This is what we called a shake-down bath.

I have tried many lines of business, but the line that beat them was the dry goods business. I put in a line of dry goods in connection with my barber shop at Cyril, Oklahoma. In the winter months when it rained the most and the wind blew the least. I did pretty well with this line. But when spring came and the wind began to blow, then my trouble started. I had to dust the dirt off of the merchandise about a dozen times a day, and in this way wore more goods out trying to keep them clean than I sold. So I closed out these goods for fear that I would be arrested for profiteering on account of short weight.

Self Determination

Do you possess this, or do you borrow from someone else. Never let anyone dictate to you how to run your business. Sit down and figure for yourself. Just start in and say that you can and will make a success and borrow no advice from anyone. Be clean in person as well as in business, and always be on the square with everyone, and show no special favors to anyone. Treat everyone just alike, and be firm in everything that you do, and do nothing that will make you go the cur dog route. In other words never do anything that will make you look down. Always keep straight and you can look the other fellow in the eye. And this shows to him that you are clean and can hold your head up. If you are in the barber business try and do your work better every time you shave your customer, and not work merely to get his money. But first of all, keep high ideals, and hold your work high in your esteem. Never be satisfied with yourself or your business, always look to the future for something better. The man who is satisfied to sit day after day in a little dirty shop at the end of some side street, and work for nothing, never has many friends, who are in better condition financially than himself, because the man who has money never goes to this kind of a shop to get shaved, because he knows that if the barber was a master at his trade, he would not be in an out-of-the-way place.

Always have an ambition to own a better shop, which is cleaner and more sanitary. Make friends in business. Never fail to sterilize or dip your razor in hot water after stropping. This can be done without inconvenience, and the customer seldom fails to notice these things. I have been in the barber business almost twenty-five years and have my first face to infect with a razor.

Comparing a Razor with a Dirty Shirt.

You may take an undershirt and wear it for one week, and you may let a brother wear it for another week, and change around and wear it for six weeks, without sterilizing it each time the garment is worn, and you will develop the itch or lice in five or six weeks. A razor will do the same thing if not disinfected in some manner after each shave. It may happen at any time that someone with bad blood may get shaved and his face may become infected. This is why the union shop is always the safest. The union card is always a sign of a clean sanitary shop. Why is this? It is for the reason that the union compels the union shop to use a clean towel on each customer. The union shops charge a little higher, but you get the difference in better service and more sanitary conditions.

A thing that is worth doing, is worth doing right. If good work is done, it is worth more. And you can afford to do the best of work.

You may be a man who has never entered into business. If you have not, and ever do, you will find that the whole community you are in will keep their eyes on you, to see how long you

remain in business. Have your opening and closing hours and don't break them for anyone and then turn someone else down.

Never try to down a competitor by cutting under his prices, because when a shop cuts prices people get suspicious of them. If anything, charge more and do better work. In business life keep yourself clean and wear neat, plain clothes. A business man is always judged by the way he dresses. If he is a mechanic, his work is judged by the neatness of his clothes. If he is a traveling man and wears a Harding badge on the seat of his pants, and his clothes are all out of shape and baggy at the knees, you would not go to this kind of a man to buy a spring dress suit, although he may have the best and sell for less. You will make no mistake, no matter what your business may be, by making it a study and endeavoring to do your work right.

One Man Can Do More Damage With A Pocket Knife Than A DOZEN PECKERWOODS

Did you ever go into a small town and look around and see how many professional whittlers you can find. You are almost sure to find from three to six sitting around on dry goods boxes or benches, cutting them to pieces or leaning against a barber pole carving on it with a pocket knife. I have seen many barber poles throughout the seven states I have mentioned, that were all cut to pieces by these amateur whittlers. Don't drift into the above channels as it will be bad for you, as well as the man who owns the property. In Santa Fe, New Mexico, I had a barber pole 12x12 that I had installed early one morning, and in the afternoon a rube leaned against the pole to brace himself while talking to a friend; he took out his jack-knife and began to stab the pole. I will leave it to you as to how I felt and what I said to this bird. Hold your head higher in the world. Don't get down on the level with those who do not want to see a man who works day and night accumulate a decent living. I do not mean to say that those who are poor are of a destructive class, or practice vandalism. I have seen people rent a house and let their children tear all the wire off of the screen door, and all of the paper off the walls, and then complain about high rents. Any landlord will let people have cheaper rent provided they will take proper care of the property, and not destroy it. There is no doubt but what some people who read this book will not agree with me on these points. But they will be the ones who are hit. You know that I am telling the truth and when you hear anyone knocking "The Life of a Hobo Barber," you can rest assured that he is hit. It makes little difference to me whether anyone agrees with me or not, as it makes no difference what you say, there will be someone to kick on your writing. All my life I have been pleasing and displeasing and intend to keep on doing so as long as I live.

The barber who is in ill health, run down physically, and is cross and grumbles at every little thing that comes up, I would advise him to get out and try a change. Take your wife and children on a vacation, that is if you possess a wife. I

have lost five or six good starts in the barber business on account of ill health. One time I went into Santa Fe, New Mexico with \$9.75 in my pocket, went into the barber business and built up a good lucrative business. My health failed me and I had to quit and get out for the time being. I practically gave the shop away, and migrated to Cyril, Oklahoma, in the year 1920, and worked hard. I am enjoying a good business at the present time. I do not know what will happen next, but am going to make a change as soon as possible. I know that there are more disgusting things that can come up in the barber business than in any other business on the face of the earth. Little things that will make a man grit his teeth, as a barber's life is not all flowers and sunshine. I am not a doctor, and have not practiced medicine, but I wish to say a few words to my brother barbers, as to health conditions. I have sat for days and weeks and years with my complaining condition, feeling that I was not able to work. And the fact of the matter was, that I thought I was really worse than I proved to be, and the thing I needed was out-of-door exercise, and less medicine. To keep well you must keep the mind clear of things that might tend to be worrisome. Get some good literature and read after some good writer. The mind becomes stagnant, and wanders on different subjects, chiefly little petty troubles that do not amount to anything, when summed up. The mind needs to expand just the same as the chest. I am speaking from experience, as I have been over these roads, and that is why I have sat down during leisure hours in my shop, and put in six months writing this book. It is best to always smile, and don't wear the expression of having been weaned on sour pickles.

Fools and Newcomers Predict Weather in Oklahoma

A few hints in regard to taking a vacation in Oklahoma. Especially in the western part of the state. If you are from another state, it will be well for you to bear in mind a few peculiar facts, chief among which is to prepare for any kind of weather. As you cannot tell what tomorrow will be by the weather of today. You must carry with you one pair of high topped rubber boots to wade mud with; one rain coat, one pair goggles, and one fan, so that you may keep cool; and one oil stove that you may keep warm in case it should turn cold; and it is well that you also carry a cyclone cellar, as your traveling kit is not complete without one.

If you are from another state, there is one thing that you must not do in Oklahoma. And that is to predict about the weather. By doing so, the old timers will know that you are either a d——m fool or a newcomer. And it may be said that it is not wise to admit that you are either a newcomer or a fool, for the chief reason that there are people in Oklahoma who are sitting up at night looking for both.

Explaining the Barber's Itch and the So-called Barber's Itch

I wish to call the attention of the public to, and wish to ask the reader of this book to bear in mind, that there is a differ-

ence in the barber's itch and the so-called barber's itch. You do not get the so-called barber's itch generally, or are not apt to get same from barber shops, as it is generally believed. The barber's itch is an entirely different disease from the so-called barber's itch, which disease prevails during the summer months, mostly in the southwestern states, during sheep shearing time, and originates from the wool of diseased sheep. The real barber's itch originated in the United States at the time of the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903. This disease was carried here from some foreign country. When you contract the real barber's itch you do not realize there is anything wrong until you wash and find the water full of hair. The hair slips from your face. Then the cell from which the hair falls makes a festering pimple about the size of a pin head. After the pimples heal, they leave scars which show plainly. This I have seen for six years after the disease had been cured. It looked as if the scars would never leave. This disease destroys the cell from which the root of the hair grew, and never grows again in the same place. This disease can be contracted by drying on a towel in a hotel or any other public place, more so than at a barber shop. You are not apt to contract any disease in a barber shop where everything is kept in a sanitary condition. You cannot catch this disease from a shaving cup, as disease germs cannot exist in soap.

The so-called barber's itch is called the wool-sorters disease in the southwestern states. Where you find this disease in the eastern cities, it is spread by the careless handling of wool shipped from the west. It may be spread in many ways by the handling of wool, for instance by touching the door knob, or bell cord on a street car or a steering wheel on an automobile, or anything that might be used by the public generally. Zinc Oxide Ointment is recommended as a cure for barbers' itch.

When a Barber Has the Blues.

I had the blues almost continuously during the time I was serving my apprenticeship. It seemed to me that every man who came into the shop knew that I was just learning my trade, as there is a little something that tells a customer to fight shy of the fellow who is a novice or an amateur at his profession or trade. This is the chief reason why so many of the boys attend the barber colleges, generally ranging in age from sixteen to eighteen years. They take a six weeks' course and then go out and make a fizzle at the trade, and it takes him a long time to have confidence and look a man square in the face when he is getting ready to take the chair. The amateur is most always weak-kneed and afraid that he cannot give proper and efficient service. A college student knows that he cannot ball the jack at the chair like the old timer. Without confidence and a strong will power, you cannot expect to accomplish a great deal in this world at any line of endeavor you might take up. I have been in several different lines of business handling them as sidelines, and have made fair money at everything I

have attempted. I have also peddled goods from house to house. My worst trouble is that I ramble from place to place too much for my own good, but this goes with the barber business. The only vacation I have had during the past 25 years is when I quit or got fired. I will never forget one time when I was selling sewing machines. I called at a farm house and asked the lady if I could see her husband. She told me that he was at the barn. I went to the barn, and looked every place that I thought he might be. I saw no one but a negro. I went back to the house and told the lady that I could not find her husband. She replied that that was him feeding the chickens. I then asked her if she had married a negro. She replied that she had, but said that was not half as bad as her sister had done. She informed me that her sister had disgraced the family by marrying a sewing machine agent.

A Hi-Jacker by the Name of Harding

It was at the time I attended a barber's state convention at Oklahoma City. It was very warm and I was taking a stroll in the residence section of that city to kindly breathe a little fresh air. A hi-jacker stepped around from a corner of a building, rammed a gun in my face and told me to "stick 'em up," and I complied with his request without any loss of time. He told me to reach higher, and I rammed my mitts still higher in the air. He kept telling me to stick them higher in the air, until I got mad and said: "To hell with you. I have them so high now that I can see stars." He replied, "Yes and I will make you see them in a minute." I saw that I could not get away with the rough stuff, so started in to kid with him. I said, "Do you know whose pockets you have your hands in?" "No," he replied, "and I don't care. "Well," I retorted, "they call me the Oklahoma Kid, and I have a bad name among the outlaws of this state." "That's nothing," he replied, "stand still or I will shoot you." I took him at his word. He took everything that I had, with all my valuables. I asked that he be kind hearted enough to leave me car fare back home, as it would be a mighty long hike over a rough and dusty road, in the sweltering heat. He replied that the road was not crowded, and that he had just walked in, and did not like walking either. And that I did not have enough to pay the car fare for both. He ended up by saying, "Well, kid, I hate to hi-jack a man who is barbering for a living, but my name is Harding, and I have several hi-jackers working under me.

The Grief of Running a Cleaning and Pressing Establishment.

I wish to say a few words about the cleaning and pressing business before I bring this book to a close. I speak from experience, as I have operated cleaning and pressing establishments in connection with my barber business in several small towns. It is about as unhealthy as the barber business. Did you ever stop to think about the danger of brushing clothing, inasmuch as you are apt to contract T. B. or some other disease? I have heard and read to the effect that a large per cent of the

population of this country are or have at some time been afflicted with T. B. or are subject to this dreaded disease, on account of having the germs lying dormant in their system, inactive. Most all cleaners, after they have worked at this business for some time, become sallow and unhealthy looking. And as a rule, are in the same boat with the barbers. It costs a considerable amount of money to equip a cleaning and pressing outfit properly, and supplies are very high, as a rule. I like to see a young man go into a business which is not injurious to his health. Get into some business where you have to use your head and then go after it. Don't say you can't, because you can.

In Kentucky. Where You Phone for Water.

Recalling an incident in Kentucky, where strange things happen. I was a small boy, but noticed things. One day I stopped at one of the mountaineers homes about lunch time. The old lady asked her boy to get a bucket of water. The lad complained that he couldn't draw the water, and I went to assist him. We walked around the hillside, and I asked the lad where the well was. He said that he did not know what I meant by the word "well." I explained to him just what a well was so that he could understand. This I will not recite to the reader. He said that they had a spring on the other end of the wire. "How far is it over there," I asked him. He said that he did not know, as the hill was so rough and steep that he had never been to the other end. The wire was attached to poles placed at regular intervals. We let the bucket loose and down the line it went. In about twenty minutes he gave a hearty jerk, as if he had caught a whale. "We have the water," he said, and began to pull in the line. In about thirty minutes I saw the bucket heave in sight. We got the water after about forty minutes work. We had lunch and went out for a rest. Of course I was dying to pass a compliment and say something in the way of flattery, and I could find nothing better than the three overgrown girls in the family. Yet that was difficult to do. They were ungainly, red-headed and freckle-faced, and could climb a tree as nimbly as a gray squirrel. "Well," I said, "Aunt you have three mighty nice looking girls." "Yes," she replied, "I think they are about as tall as they ever will be, but they will probably broaden out considerably."

I Would Have Hair On All Bald Knobs

I have just shaved a customer who accused me of putting something on his face to make his beard grow more profusely and rapidly. If a person will only stop to think for a minute, that if this were true, there would not be so many bald knobs. And not near so many paupers among the barbers. Did you ever stop to think for a moment that if a recipe was discovered that would grow hair after the cells and pores of the skin were closed up, we would have hair growing on all bald knobs. If this could be done, the average barber would wax wealthy overnight. The hair is like a growing plant, it takes moisture and nourishment in the way of blood circulating through the small

veins of the scalp. A man never begins to lose his hair until after he has reached the age of twenty or more years. Heat and high blood pressure is the general cause of loss of hair. It destroys the cells, and the hair dies much the same as any kind of a plant, from lack of nourishment, or too much nourishment. You have probably noticed that your hair grows faster at some times than at others. This is caused by the heart beating faster, and is above normal. If you will notice, you will find that it grows more rapidly on moonlight nights. You probably were unable to reason out the cause, and probably thought the barber put some kind of a solution on your face to cause the beard to grow faster so that you would be compelled to visit the barber shop more often. If this was the case barbers would be hard to find, and when you did find one, he would be after your bald head, where he could make an easy dollar or two, and not after your whiskers—as there is no profit in shaving a man. The outsider stands by and looks on and believes the barber has an easy time of it and makes big profits besides. When a barber stands humped over his customers all day, or sits on his hunkers until he wears the seat of his trousers to the quick, waiting for business, its not all flowers and sunshine to the man who makes his living by the rattle of the strop and the ring of the razor, and works 18 long hours on Saturdays.

This is why I have called this book "The Life of a Hobo Barber," in explaining to the reader just what it takes to constitute a real hobo barber. He is the only individual who gets real pleasure and money out of the barber trade. He seldom remains very long at one place, and is always as good as the best workman you can find, for he works with all classes of workmen and gets the full benefits of the best ideas. His kit of tools consists of his vest pocket for a razor and a pair of shears, and his pant legs for his razor strop. When he goes down in his pant leg and pulls out his strop, one barber will look at another. Oh, boy! he is there!

The Louse That Was a Hobo Barber

Old Tom was the name of a head louse which a certain hobo barber carried with him. The only place he would work was at the county fairs. It was a good joke to him to take Old Tom out of the little celluloid box in which he was carried—get a well-dressed man in the chair, cut his hair and ask him if he wanted a shampoo. If the customer refused, he would dig up Old Tom, and place him between his thumb and index finger, acting as though he had pulled him out of the victims hair. The result was always a shampoo together with a tonic. He would always make from \$4 to \$8 a day more than any other barber in the shop. The way he kept Old Tom alive, he would find a man who had dandruff, and rake off a few crumbs and put into the box for Old Tom to feed on.

Of course stunts are always pulled off behind the customer's back. The dirty towel trick is used a great deal for the purpose

of coaxing the customer to get a shampoo. This is always done behind the customer's back. Take one end of a towel and rub it on the bottom of your shoe and rub the other end in the hair, showing said customer the dirty end, and he will fall for a shampoo nine times out of ten.

This is not pulled by some barbers, as they would soon lose out at this kind of a game. It is not used by all of the floaters. I am a self-made man and did not make very much out of myself, but I am somewhat like the candidate for congress from a certain district in Missouri. He said that he was raised up between the plow handles and corn rows, and that he thought this would qualify him to serve the agricultural interests of that district. At this juncture another man jumped up from the audience and asked the candidate to wait a minute, and said: "I have been waiting for an hour for you to express yourself as to your nationality, and now by heck I have found out. You are a corn field pumpkin."

What Becomes of the Barber When Too Old To Work

I have been asked the question many times, as to what becomes of the barber when he is too old to work any longer at his trade. It may be said that a barber never lives to be very old, except on rare occasions. The average life of a barber is from eight to twelve years, provided he remains in the business steady during that time. The majority of barbers contract T. B. after they have worked at the chair from five to eight years. Some become broken in health after a few years at the trade, and inherit a dirty little shop at one end of the street and wait for the end.

It is generally the case, that when a barber passes the active stage of life, and becomes broken in health, he is succeeded by the young college student who is new at the game, to whom the barber business seems alluring. He does not usually care to save a dollar for a rainy day, and as a result makes a lower schedule of prices, and thereby takes the business away from the older and more experienced barber, who has seen all of the rough edges of life and who is not in the business for his health. You will find usually that the trade will leave the old, broken down barber for the smiling faced young barber, who is still unsullied by the world.

When I first started in to learn the barber trade, a young barber in a shop had a hard row of stumps to hoe, as everyone who came in would wait for the boss, or the "old heads" in the shop, as we called them. This is practiced today to some extent, but nothing like it was twenty years ago.

At the time I was learning my trade, few young men patronized the barber shops. The older men found it a necessity, as most of their beards were so "tough" that they could not shave themselves. As a result of this condition a barber had a pretty hard time of it. I have bucked the chair all day long, and as a net result would have about three shaves to my credit, and at the end of the day, would be completely worn out. Practic-

ally all of the shaves we got those days were what we called "old boxes" and "squirrels." This was the nickname we had for rough and bony faces. Take it from me barbers had a hard time getting by in those days, as shaves were few and far between, and a slick dime was all that was charged for shaving one of these "squirrels." It was worth a dollar. A fellow could not have made a decent living wage even at a dollar a shave.

In those days the old barber did not get out and mix among the younger fellows as they do today. One of the chief reasons for the barber business being a much better paying profession today than twenty years ago, is the fact that sanitary conditions have been put on such a high plane. I worked in the days before the hydraulic and base-bottomed chairs. The chairs used then by the barbers had four legs, and we would sweep the hair under the chairs for a whole week at a time. This was done to make our competitors think that we were doing a flourishing business, as well as the public. I have seen the porter, in following out the instructions of our boss, sweep the hair up in a large pile on Sunday morning, and carry it back and place it under the chairs on Monday morning, to make a spectacular and prosperous showing. But in those days a porter around a shop was as scarce as hen's teeth. The modern round bottom chair has done away with this unsanitary custom. The dirtiest barber shop in the country today is kept cleaner than the cleanest of shops in those days. As soon as the hair hits the floor today in the up-to-date barber shops, a wide-eyed porter is on the job with a broom, and to the trash can it goes. A good porter has just as much to do with holding the trade of a shop as any of the expert barbers. If the shop has a good porter who knows his business, he should be liberally paid for the services he renders. When he is making money for the shop, he should be making it for himself. He has nothing at stake but his work, and he can quit on short notice. It is best to pay a good porter what he is worth, as it is difficult to secure porters who are entirely satisfactory.

When I started in to learn the trade, it required three years to serve your apprenticeship. But after working for twenty-five years, I have discovered that I am just beginning to learn a little something about the business, and am going to quit it on the strength of what I have learned. The barbers union requires an apprentice to serve three years at the trade before he can make application for a union card.

In the early days we cut hair for 15 and 25 cents and shaved for 10 cents. This was the chief cause for so many poorly equipped shops and unsanitary conditions. This will be explained to you when you stop to compare the prices received then and now, but on the other hand, the price of living has doubled since that time, as well as barber supplies also increasing in price.

The average patron of the barber shop appreciates clean, sanitary conditions. And when you find one that don't, run him out as he is standing in the way of the others. As a rule

the man who wants you to work for nothing is the fellow who rarely patronizes a barber shop, and thinks that if he spends two bits a month for shaves and gets a hair cut once a year, he is making the barber rich.

The barber who does work cheaply, or below the customary prices, usually has an unsanitary shop, and very poor equipment. I say to the community, demand good, clean work, even if you have to pay higher prices, and you will have more efficient barbers and more up-to-date barber shops.

I say to the barber, when you shave a man, make him feel that he cannot shave himself again with that old dull razor which he possesses. If you romp his whiskers off like Nancy Hanks went around the race track, on the Fourth of July, any way to get them off, to get the price. He will feel that he can romp them off as well, and thereby economize by saving the price of a shave. But the customer cannot expect a 25 cent shave for 15 cents. This the barber cannot do, as he is a human being and must make a profit on his work, if he is to make a living, or else quit business.

When you make a demand for good work make it with the price. You may say, "Oh, well, it is all profit." Sit down, take a pencil and figure the cost of face lotions, powder, soap, the upkeep of his tools, light and water, rent, insurance, taxes, hire of porter, and what he gives away each year to charitable institutions, which are many, and keep the barber drained of pocket change. When a down and out beggar comes to town, the barber is usually the first one he hits for a meal. I have had dull days, where I shaved only one or two men. A beggar would come along and I would dig up the proceeds of my day's earnings and give to him. As a rule, you will find that the barbers are the biggest hearted men in the world. The majority of them are too generous for their own welfare. The reason for this is, that if he don't contribute to everything that comes along, the public will look on him as being stingy, and call him a tightwad. For this reason a barber can have a little peace of mind in a city, and also become more prosperous. If he does not feel that his business justifies him in giving away \$15 or \$20 every few days, he can refuse to do so, and there is nothing more said or thought about it.

Puss Ervin Was Also A Hobo Barber

Did you ever meet Puss Ervin? He was a big-hearted guy, and also a good sport. He had nothing to bother him, and hardly brains enough to make an ant run backwards, and he would jump a job in order to have a new place to hang his hat up on Monday morning. Many is the time that Puss and I have jumped a job together, caught a train and listened to the click of the rails until the next Monday morning, when we would stop off, get a new job and go to work. In the early days it was no trick to get a job, all you had to do was to reach up and pull one off a tree at any town or cross-roads. But it cannot be done today. We have rode many miles together and did not

hesitate to board either passenger or freight trains, and do not deny the fact that we have counted many cross ties. I have counted them until I could see them in my sleep at night in my berth. This being in a hay rack, cattle car or the floor of a box car, with a newspaper for a counterpane. Puss stuttered so badly, that he made many blunders. When he shaved a man, he would try to ask him if he would like to have his hair wet or dry, and he could not say "wet" to save his life. He would say, "d-d-do y-y-you w-want it w-w-w-w-et, or sh-a-ll I s-s-s-spit on it?" And of course this caused trouble, as no one wanted their hair spit on. Puss was a good hand to laugh, and in a short time after such an outbreak, would have them all laughing. Then he and the customer would go and take another drink. Puss's favorite drink was white mule. I tried one day to tell Puss that white mule was a negro's drink, and I asked him why he drank it. He said that he drank it because it kicked backwards.

Puss went out one night and got stewed up to 110. He did not feel very good as the white mule had made him kick backwards too much. Early next morning I started in to work him over with a massage and hot towels. I had his face all covered over with towels, when a lady came in with her little boy. Just as I took the towels off, the little boy went to his mother and asked, "mother is that man sick?"

Music from Tin Cans in the Texas Panhandle

Remarks about eating canned goods, makes me think of the time I ate canned goods in the Panhandle of Texas until my sides stuck out like a billy goat. I put up at a hotel in a little town in the Texas Panhandle. We had nothing to eat except canned goods. There were pyramids of empty cans piled around the house, and in the evening when the wind would rise to something resembling a gale, we would have a great variety of music, as the result of the rattling of the tin cans. At first when strangers would hear the noise, they would remark, "what beautiful music, it must be the Salvation Army, from the sound of the tambourines." My sleep was cut short for the first few nights, when I complained of the disturbance, and asked why they did not remove the cans. The old gentleman who was acting as proprietor, said that there was no use, as the Mexican burros would eat them up in a few days. The waiter at the hotel looked like Rip Van Winkle, with his long whiskers. The supper bell would ring and we would gather around the table. The way some of the boarders would rush in to the table, reminded me of a bunch of hungry goats. I asked for a glass of ice water, and did not mean any harm in doing so. The waiter with his golden locks, glared at me, and said, "Who in the h—l ever heard of such a thing as ice water in the summer time?"

A Few Words to the Long Haired Barber

Before bringing this book to a close, no doubt the young lady who has been contemplating learning the barber trade,

would be interested in knowing as to my sentiments in regards to them working at this trade. It is not my intentions, in publishing this book, to reflect, or in any way take the right of anyone away from them. We are taught in these United States that this is a free country. I am only expressing my sentiments as I see it and from my own experience of 25 years in the game called "bucking the chair." First, I do not think it a lady's place to work in a barber shop. Second, I do not believe she can work at the trade and still keep the full respect of the male sex, except in a few instances. Third, it is impossible for a woman to secure a union card in the barbers union. And this would compel her to move out on a side street in some dirty, ill-kept shop, where she receives the most difficult class of work, and where the prices are the cheapest.

As most of us know our bad failings, I do not think it best for anyone to place themselves in this position. As I have remarked before, I still have my first ladies' hair to cut over the age of twelve. It has been very few that I have even given a massage or shampoo, and don't want their patronage. Not that I don't like the ladies, it is because I do like them and I want to remain doing so and the less I find out about them the more I love them. Neither do I like to shave a dead man. The above things I promised myself when I first started in the business and I also promised myself that I would not live a drunken barbers life and I can safely say that I have never broken the rules for in spite of all my ups and downs I have taken but a few drinks. The above article calls to my mind one time I dropped off at Garden City, Kansas, looking for a job. One of the lady barbers was sitting down nursing the baby; on my approaching the inside she jumped up and said to me, "You're next." I informed her I was looking for a job. I landed one in this shop and the first customer was a squirrel or a box as we call most of the trade that goes to the cut-rate shop. I asked him if his name wasn't Brush. He replied his name was Bush. I said I knew it was one or the other. After working for an hour to complete the job of shaving him he asked me to cut the hair out of his ears and nose, that the cockleburs sure was bad in the fields this year.

I Had Two At the Same Time in Tishomingo, Oklahoma

I worked at Tishomingo three weeks; at this town I had a bone felon on my thumb and in a few days I took the measles and went back to Ardmore broke. Not wanting to give the measles to anyone I went to an old school house in the south part of town. It was cold and raining; my fever was 106. I was picked up by a party belonging to the Seventh Day Adventist church. His name I have forgotten but Mr. Hunter, a friend of theirs nursed me until I was able to get up. The last I heard of Mr. Hunter he was in Shawnee, Okla. in the year of 1902. I worked in Ardmore as stated but went to Tishomingo before going to Purcell. You may think it funny that the life of a hobo has been put in book form; the hobo enjoys his life.

There is a difference between a hobo and a bum. A bum never works and will starve before he will do so; a hobo goes from place to place, works and makes his way and enjoys his life; in fact he gets more out of life than most any other class of people as he has nothing to bother him and he is independent and can go at any moment. When the hobo barber gets ready to blow, all he has to do is to slip a razor in his vest pocket and his strop into his pants leg, catch a freight and go. If he hasn't the price of a bed he may sleep on the grass and cover with the sky. I don't like to do this in the winter with nothing to eat—not even pie.

A man becomes hardened to this kind of a life and is not satisfied with a life that ties him down and what I have been trying to tell you is that the barber trade and the printers trade makes as many hoboes as any other trade in the world today. But it is at that a hard life to live. Think about a man riding a rattler (as we call the freight train) 15,000 miles at a clip with a hay rack for a berth, a newspaper for a mattress and no comfort with which to cover. I have seen hoboes catch a freight train and ride it for 200 or 300 miles and then catch the first one going back the same way from which they came. It looked to me as if they were freight train crazy. I have my first hobo to refuse to feed but I have refused the bums that will not work and the hobo will if he gets a chance.

I have picked the hobo up, taken them to my home, fed them and bought them shoes after their feet were frost bitten and kept them till they were able to go to work if there was any to be found. Low wages makes discontent among the young men and starts them rambling around trying to find something better. I have ridden every spot on a freight and passenger train but under the cow-catcher; this I never had the nerve to try. I saw a freight come in the yards one day, the engine ran through a pile of cinders that had been dumped and burned a bo to death. I have ridden the outside of the vestibule holding to the rods and no foot space for my feet to stand in the cold winter. The engineer could see me when he went to make a curve and tried to scald me, it being so cold that the water would freeze almost by the time it would hit my clothing. I was almost one solid cake of ice walking around.

And then for a berth in a hay rack in a cattle car.

How a Uniform Barber Shop is Run

I will explain to the reader of this book what a uniform barber shop is and how they are run. Some cities have shops they call uniform shops; to do this all the barbers must be either black-headed or red-headed and must weigh about the same and the same height; must all dress in solid white and wear either a black or red tie; white shoes with black or red strings (the color of the tie and strings to match with the barber's hair). The shops run in this way are not in style today as they were several years ago. I worked in a shop run this way several years ago in Dallas, Texas, and also one in Okla-

homa City. In those days the large shops in the cities had a stool at each chair and when a barber was not at work he had to sit there till another customer came in. Some places in the large cities a barber has to stand around his chair all the time whether he is working or not. The most of these places have a hard tile floor. A man standing on this floor for twelve long hours a day on his feet and the most of the weight being on his right and the left foot with a little or no weight at all on the left foot leaves his kidneys in a strained condition. This causes fever and thirst. Brother barber did you ever notice that on Saturday that you will drink four times as much water as any other day in the week. This is the chief cause for it and also is the chief cause for a barber drinking; he feels so rotten on Sunday that he is either apt to fall for drink or dope of some kind. The above is not practiced today as it was in saloon days. You will find more barbers suffering from nervous headaches and indigestion than any other class of tradesmen.

I Was Told to Tie Up My Bull

Why does the barber have a record of letting the bull loose? Because he is in a position to hear all the stale bull that is going. I recall one time when a young lady and I were out for a stroll in Dallas, Texas. I was pouring the hot air to her and I thought that everything I was saying was being soaked up; all at once she turned to me and said, "Aren't you from the country?" "Sure, I said." She replied, "I thought you was." When I asked her the reason she informed me it was because my breath smelled like cord wood.

Well, this held me spell-bound for a while but I soon broke over and began to pour it on again. We walked down Main street. When we got in front of the largest barber shop in Dallas she led me up to the barber pole and stopped. "Well," I said, "what in the heck are you trying to pull now?" She requested me to wait there until she returned. She went away and on her return she brought back a rope about ten feet long. She said, "I want you to tie that bull up here to this pole so he can be sent to the pasture in the morning with the herd that hangs around his place.

I Fell Out of the Berth.

I recall falling from my berth; a friend and I caught a freight train several years back for McAlester. We stayed in town for a few days and not finding anything to do we went broke and at night we had to find a place to flop as the hobo calls a place to sleep. We strolled down in the wholesale district looking for a place. It being very cold we wished to find some inside place if possible. I found a doorway leading into the basement under a wholesale house facing the roundhouse; after entering the place I found about four feet of water in the basement with a plank lying across the water, about one foot above same. This being a nice warm place I decided to flop for the night on this plank. I spread down a newspaper for my mattress and went to bed with the door of the basement open.

The switch engine threw the light on me after going to sleep, and forgetting that my berth was narrow I lost my grip and fell into the water. The next day we counted cross ties until my feet felt like the photo looks on the Blue Jay corn plasters, and my shoe soles were wore so thin that I could have told the side of the dime that was up if I had had one.

When a Barber Ought to Unhitch

I shall not discuss this subject about where a barber ought to unhitch; that is, when a man comes in the shop and gets in the chair and expects a barber to work on him with his head full of dirt and grease. There is absolutely no reason for a man going in this condition when a pan of water and a bar of soap can be had at a small cost. Anyone doing so may be said that it is absolutely hard down old laziness. You get in the barber's chair and you expect a first class piece of work and if the clippers or razor pulls a little, then you holler. Many people think that the barber shop is a place to clean up; this is true, but if you don't feel that you can afford to pay the barber for washing out your hair when the scalp is covered with dirt and grease. Wash it before going to the shop and you will always get better work. I say this to the working class that works at dirty work. I do not say that it is a disgrace to work and get dirty but I say it is a disgrace for a man to go in this condition after he is off the job. Did you ever stop and think your wife does not approve of you going in this way? I have worked at as dirty work as anyone but the trouble is we let ourselves drift in this way and just think, "Oh well, I will let the barber do it, that is what I am paying him for, and don't stop and think that when you try to give the barber the worst of it by shielding a little laziness that you are the man that is getting the worst end of the deal as you will not get a decent job of work, and you cannot expect it if you will stop and think for a moment. I ask the reader of this book not to think that I look down on the man who works at dirty work for a living for he is the man who has my sympathy because I know what it is to work for a living. I have had to do it all my life. This is one thing that I must say that the Mexican people in all the work that I have done for them I have never seen one of them in my chair with a dirty scalp. Neglecting the scalp causes the hair to fall out. Go to the barber and have him give you what you need. He can tell you and most apt to have a supply on hand. The reason I tell you to go to the barber to get your supplies is because the barbers buy the best that can be had and goods that never get in the hands of any other dealers but the barbers and the barber supply houses, made for the barbers use only. This book I have written to eliminate the grief between the barber and the customer as much as possible without causing any hard feelings between the three of us. As I have mentioned before I am an old head at the chair, or at least I have 25 years of the business to my sorrow hanging over my head and that makes me think that I am an old timer at the chair. It is esti-

mated that the young men that go to the colleges and take a course only one out of every 25 stay in the business as long as ten years; they usually quit within one month to one year. If he sticks one year he is likely to stay in the game as he is just beginning to learn good by this time. I have no knocks to make on the barber colleges as it is a good place to go to learn the trade but there are only 10% that go and take a course that would ever make a barber if they worked all their lives. I say this because in the first place they are not cut out for this trade. There has been many a good farm hand ruined with the barber business. Why? Because just as I have said before it is a cheap trade and anyone can get in it with a very little money, and as a rule he makes very little when he gets in it, that is when you count up the amount of hours he works.

He Would Be There

Well I don't like to tell a story that sounds a little rough but I am telling the public my experince for the past forty years and must tell this one as it is too good to keep. You know I have told you about being in the real estate business. I had a lawsuit with an old fellow and he sure was a hard nut to convince. He beat me in the district court and I said I would carry it to the county court or I will beat you. Well he informed me that he would be there. So I carried the case to the county court and he beat me again. Well, I said I would carry it to the state supreme court where I will beat you. Well, he said, I will be there so he beat me again. Well, I thought I would bluff him so I said I would carry this case to the United States Court where I will beat you. He said he would be there. I carried it up to the U. S. Court and he beat me again. Well, I scratched my head awhile as I knew that I was at the end of my row so I said, darn your hide I will take this case to h—l where I will beat you. Well he said, my lawyer will be there.

Why Red, White and Blue Are Used on the Barber Signs

There are two stories told about the barber sign. I know the reader of this book has wondered why these colors are used. The story was told by an old German barber that worked many years ago. Of course there is a history behind the subject that I myself would like to know more about than I do or anyone else has offered; the barber business dates back many years and the story goes that the first barber was an Arab. He shaved his customers lying on the ground or on a table; this table was also used for an operating table, in those days the barbers practiced surgery and dentistry. The barbers also in the United States in the early days practiced dentistry and surgery. The old German barber story as to why the three colors are used in the sign is that the white represented the bandage, the blue represented the veins, and the red represented the blood. The white man began to profit when he robbed the negro out of the only trade that was ever born in a negro. I say the barber trade belongs to the negro; it is a second nature for the majority of the people to want to be gruff and cranky

with the barber and enjoys seeing him jump at the crack of his whip. This is due to the negro barbers petting the white man to death for his trade. An old negro told me this story as to how the barber sign got the colors. He said the red represents blood, the white represents the teeth and the blue represents the gums. He said the negroes in the south had blue gums and the real blue gum negro of the south is poison, and when the three separated into one branch of business, to themselves the doctors and dentists did not want the red, white and blue sign so it was left on the barbers hands. The dentist at that time pulled teeth for 10 and 15 cents and today they get \$1.00, and the barber gets 20 and 25 most of the places and the doctor gets \$3.00 in town and from \$5.00 to \$25.00 for calling in the country, so why shouldn't the barber get better prices than he is getting. I can tell you, it is for the lack of backbone; he is afraid that some of his customers will carry away that two weeks' growth of whiskers that he got when Crusoe passed them out and he got a basket full of them.

How I Got My First Name

What is there in a name? Did you ever stop and consider whether or not there was anything to your name or how you got it? Many years back in the early days in speaking to a man who had a trade no matter what it was, when spoken to by anyone of his associates they would call him by his trade name; if he was a smith of any kind they would call him Smith; if he was a stone mason they would call him Mason; if he was a carpenter they called him Carpenter; if he was a barber they called him Barber. This name is used a great deal today among people when speaking to a barber, but how Jim Hog of Texas got his name is more than I can say. I knew a man in Kentucky whose name was Step; he was heard crying on the step of the porch and the parties could not find the parents of the child and called it Step. I remember an old man in the above named state who was found on the bank of the river under a beach tree and he went by the name of Henry Beach, taking his name after the tree under which he was found. I have seen this old man myself; he was about ninety years of age when I left that state. The name Sawyer was given to the Sawyers because at one time a man was a sawyer by trade and everybody called him Sawyer and he lost his first name, so you don't know where you got yours do you?

How The Famous Tom Sawyer Got His Name

The first family by the name of Sawyer in the United States came from Ireland so the story goes, as it has been told to me when I was a small boy. It is alledged his given name was Ambers Sawyer. His family consisted of three boys and two girls; the names of the boys was Tom, Charley and James William. The girls' names were Susie and Sallie. In the cemetery in Chattanooga, Tenn. rests the remains of the first Sawyer family. The story has been told that the father of Tom Sawyer set forth to find the boy a name different from any

other child in the community, being the first child in the family. Thinking him very smart he came to the United States to give him a chance in life. The boy was several months old before he was named. The father went to the creek one day and sat down on the foot log waiting for a bird to whistle a sweet name for the boy and fell asleep. A neighbor came to the creek to cross; thinking of having some fun he got a rock and crept up to the old gentleman and dropped it in the creek, the rock striking the eddy water and made a sound like Tom. The aged man jumped up and said that would do, that he would just call the boy Tom. The names Charley, James William and Sallie have been handed down to the late generation. There never has been any of the Sawyers that I ever heard of having their names in history or on the pen roll call. Tom Sawyer, myself and James Sawyer, my brother that I taught the trade in Cement, Okla., in the years of 1905 and 1906 who is now running a shop in Naravisa, New Mexico is the most noted Sawyer I have been able to find. Of course I have never made it in the world very far as my chance was somewhat like the candidate who was running for Senator in Missouri. I am too much Irish it being on both sides of the house except one grandfather and grandmother; my great grandmother on my father's side was a full blood Mississippian having been run from that state when a mere girl with her father, coming to the territory of Kentucky near Pine Knot, in Whitley county, and grew up and married a German by the name of Gillerith.

I have been told the Mississippi Indians are the Cherokees, so my chances in the upper world was snatched from me when the best friend I ever had died. I was about the age of 14, had never had a chance to go to school but this I loved to do. I went to school about three months before coming to Oklahoma after my mother died and I found a friend by the name of Wallace who I lived with and got the benefit of three or four months schooling, after this going to the south part of the state. Here I did chores for a doctor and picked cotton and went to school another three months not completing the third grade this leaving me in bad as for education and now if I learn a trick I have to pay dear for it but I have the will power to get it but have not got the nerve to stick. Speaking about my nationality being Indian and Irish the balance must be dog.

He Would Rather Take His Shave Standing Up Than To Lie Down

Speaking about some people being so far in the sticks that their chickens would mix with the hoot owls and the dogs with the coyotes, when I see how green some people are I think that they must have cheated the dog. A young man came in the shop a few days back from in the back woods part of the country and called for a shave. I asked him to get in the chair. He wanted to know if I couldn't shave him standing up. I told him that I could but it was easier for both of us if he would lay down in the chair. After coaxing him for several minutes I got him to

get in the chair; I reversed the lever on the chair and started to lay him down, he got frightened and jumped out of the chair and said he would take his standing up rather than to lie down. Then he wanted to know what I would charge to shave him standing up. I told him with soap and water I would shave him for 25 cents and a dry shave was 10 cents. He said that he would take the dry shave so I went to work and when I got about half way over his face a jackass brayed and one of the boys asked what was that noise and he said it must be some darn fool getting a dry shave.

Health Seeking in Platt National Park

The Platt National Park is in the city of Sulphur, Okla. It is situated in the center of the same. After so much has been said about this park and the history of same will say it lies in a rugged plot of land approximately three miles long and one mile wide. It is kept by the government, having many interesting points to visit and pure water to make everyone healthy. Among the natives of the Platt National Park can be seen a fine herd of deer, buffalo and elk, squirrels, birds of all kinds. The first named are so gentle they will eat out of your hands; the red squirrels are a source of constant delight to visitors and it is the pleasant custom of many city people to visit the park daily with nuts for them. They are very tame and will perch on your shoulder or knee to devour the nuts taken from your fingers.

The Merits of the Water

Sulphur, Okla. bases its highest claim to the public notice on the properties of its wonderful mineral springs and their reputation for healing. The principal springs are the bromide, sulphur and medicinal waters. Chlorine appears in all the waters. It is highly efficient, antiseptic and counteracts and eradicates disease germs; combined with sulphur, iron, soda and magnesia the medicinal value is not to be overestimated. This with the laxative action of the waters leads naturally to strength with which to eliminate waste, and defend the body against any attacking disease germs. Hundreds have come to Sulphur bed-ridden or in wheel chairs and have gone away renewed in mind and body, perhaps walking for the first time alone in years. The hungry people of the world who are looking for health no matter what his or her condition may be, no matter how nervous you may be a drink of bromide water will bring long hours of sleep and rest to you, with all the modern swimming pools and bath houses to help take away weary and exhausted feelings of the body. Thousands of health seekers have been benefitted and cured by drinking this water; however, none of the 33 mineral springs in the park analyze exactly the same, the government finding the difference so infinitesimal that two analysis are sufficiently representative of the whole. It is often said that after drinking these waters that you do not like the flat tasting waters. This park is set aside by Uncle Sam for a playground for his children. It is very easy of access,

being only 90 miles from Oklahoma City and 157 from Dallas, Texas, with noted trails leading to Sulphur, which is the terminus of the Ozark, Hockaday, Stapleton and Bankhead highways.

You will find the largest mineral artesian well in the world flowing 2,500 gallons of mineral water every minute; the camp grounds are equipped with all the modern conveniences necessary with rest rooms and shower baths, plenty of shade and it is all free. Sleeping at night is a pleasure as the mosquito does not molest you at nights. This town is divided into two towns but the people in the town are not; they seem to be of a big-hearted class of people and no jealousy existing among themselves. You may camp and live in this town as cheap as at home. Another thing that makes it a pleasure to come here is that the government will not allow people to camp on the grounds who refuse to register their names and the number in the family. Also must have a conveyance in which to travel. This eliminates the hi-jackers and thugs that may come. By refusing to register your name the law is notified, and in a few minutes you are in jail waiting an investigation. I have been told by the government men that there has been many wanted crooks picked up in this way. I can recall several years ago a friend and I rode horseback through Sulphur. We had nothing to eat but raw corn. At this time the extent of Sulphur was an old frame hotel and a store carrying about \$50 worth of goods.

I cannot speak too highly of the wonders the sulphur water has done for me and for others who I have heard testify. I am going to tell you a story that happened to my dog while at Sulphur. Of course in this park, dogs are not allowed and the park-keeper struck at the dog with a hoe; the dog dodged, the hoe cut his tail off and I was sorry for the dog. I took the puppy to the spring and poured some of the famous water on his tail and bound it up in some of the black sulphur mud; in a few days the dog had a full grown tail. I told this story to the city authorities and the chief of police said to the judge, we will fine you \$10 for retailing dogs without a license.

The Relation and Companionship Between Man and Dog

It was at the beginning of creation that the Almighty allotted all living animals the average life of 30 years. He said that 12 years was enough for the dog, that after that age he would be of no use to the world and all he could do was to set around and growl. Then man saw the chance to prolong his life and asked to be allotted the 18 years that the dog did not want. At this request the man was allotted the 18 years and made the average of man's life 48. This at present time makes 18 years of man's life a dog's life.

According to these figures it will put man and dog on an equality. When we look at the daily walks of man, some more than others, we can see why we hear people say there is a companionship between man and dog. You know that some people think more of an old dog than they do of a

poorly dressed, dirty, little child. I have had women bring their dogs to the barber shop to have me clip their hair. Here is where I lost a customer and had the pleasure of saying what I thought. These same people would think it a disgrace to pick up a little shabby dressed child in the street and treat them to a hair cut, but if it was a poodle dog with nice long hair and the fool barber would say what a beautiful dog she would put on a show that would make a man throw up the chilli he had the week before for supper.

The Barbers Eleven Commandments

1. Thou shalt not ask the barber for credit.
2. Thou shalt not spit on the floor or on the stove.
3. Thou shalt not talk about my competitor to me neither shalt thou talk about me to my competitor.
4. Thou shalt not ask the barber to break his rules or expect him to work overtime.
5. Thou shalt not get your hair cut by one barber and expect another to do your shaving.
6. Thou shalt not wait until the last minute to get thy barber work done.
7. Thou shalt not loaf in the barber shop on Saturday and busy days.
8. Thou shalt not play with the barber or the customer when getting work done.
9. Thou shalt not let thy wife cut thy hair or shave thyself unless thou art broke.
10. Thou shalt not sit in the barber chair unless thou wants barber work done.
11. Thou shalt, when in need of barber work wend thy way to the union shops if there are any in thy town.

Will confidence in the human race come back? Will the human race ever gain confidence in one another as there was when I was a lad of a boy? I recall this instance when a boy in whom we had all the confidence in the world in our neighbor; even the nations had confidence in one another. Today it seems to me that the whole world has lost confidence in its rulers so have we in each other. You may elect the best official to office you can find and it is only a question of time till he has his hands behind him. I remember when a neighbor lad called at my fathers home and asked to borrow \$10 and said he would pay it back in ten days; my father let him have the ten and did not take the scratch of a pen for security. Of course ten dollars in those days was a large amount of money. We enjoyed honesty as well as the good old fireplace, and today we neither enjoy honesty, confidence or the old fireplace. You may today go to make a deal with the most honest man you can find and you doubt about half what he tells you no matter how straight you may think he is. There is a lack of confidence in the neighborhood. In my boyhood days a man who had the name of being a thief had a hard time getting by and did not stand

very high in society. Today the larger thief a man is, and if smooth with it, the higher up he gets and it may be said the thieves are the chief cause of the lost confidence in the human race. In my boyhood days if a man gave another security it would be in form of a due bill as it was called, this due bill read like the I. O. U. whatever the amount may be, dated, and his name signed and it was considered good as a note, and could be sold and disposed of as legal tender to anyone whether the parties knew each other or not. It was not required that people know each other. Today if you want to borrow ten you must give a full history of your father and grandfathers past.

A Few Things That Is Well To Know

I saw a man one day walking backward past the barber shop and I asked him why he walked so. He replied that he had worked five years at the barber trade and he had been going backwards ever since.

The daily grind of the barber is like the old Georgia negro Wash's mule. Wash was an old southern darkey who lived in Georgia on a plantation. He built a barn for his mule, put it in the barn; the animal stood with his head rammed in one side of the barn and his tail in the other with a hump in his back. So Wash thinking his mule was sick called the veterinary who, finding the mule too long for the barn gave Wash instructions to enlarge the barn and charged Wash \$2 for taking the hump out of the mule's back. The barber who does likewise with his head rammed in the wall with a hump in his back and never takes a vacation is more than likely to find himself employing the undertaker to take the humps out of his back.

The Hobo That Never Accepts the Offerings

A hobo knocked on the back door of a city home. The lady came to answer the call. Madam, said the cultivated hobo, could I prevail upon you to provide an unfortunate wanderer with breakfast?

No you can't said the hard-favored housewife. I don't believe in encouraging loafers. You'd better be thinking about your soul. Here's a tract that will show you the way to heaven.

Thanks, madam, replied the tramp, as she moved away. I'll accept the tract, but I don't mind telling you that my immediate destination is south Texas.

How You Start Monday Wrong

When you get up on a Monday morning and God is in his heaven and all is right with the world so far as you are concerned, you sing and feel happy. Just as you start for the shop the laundry grabber balls out. You throw your dirty shirt at him, run for the door and the collector for the phone shoves a bill in your face. After 30 minutes delay you rush for the street car and get all heated up and you arrive at the shop 30 minutes late and of course the boss for the first time in six months is on time so the day is utterly devastated.

LIFE OF A HOBO BARBER

A Few Things That Is Well To Know

When a barber gambles for 40 or 50 years and draws a full house he don't want to draw a pair of twins.

I have been on this earth since 1881 and I have been pleasing and displeasing ever since. I have been robbed, boycotted, lied on, lied to, talked about, in jail, in road wrecks, cyclones, broke and disgusted, but I am just staying in Oklahoma just to see what will happen next.

I have thought that I would run for U. S. Senator and go to Washington, D. C. where the feeble minded are going.

If the reader of the hobo barber finds any fault with this book just step to the phone and call 00 and I will be there in 10 minutes.

Oh, say, don't call for 10 days as I have since putting out this challenge received 10,000 calls and will likely overlook your number.

I will bring this book to a close hoping that you have derived some benefit from same, both the barber and the customer. I have done all in my power to give a full understanding regarding the barber business and concerning your personal relations with one another. I hope some time to have the pleasure of meeting the readers of the Hobo Barber. Address all communications to the author, H. M. Sawyer, Oklahoma City, Okla.



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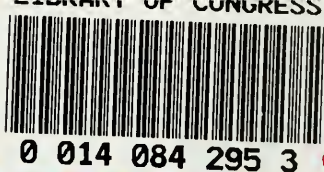
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